The Outlook

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THE STORY OF THE WAR

BY ARTHUR BULLARD

THE OUTLOOK'S WAR CORRESPONDENT AT HOME

*As announced last week, Mr. Bullard, who, under his pen-name of Albert Edwards, was The Outlook's correspondent in the Balkan War, will, as "The Outlook's War Correspondent at Home," tell from week to week in this place the story of the war in Europe in special signed articles and with the aid of maps. Every effort will be made, through Mr. Bullard's special knowledge of the countries involved and from information from many sources, to enable readers to follow the great authentic events of the war told in a simple and clear narrative.—*THE EDITORS.

THE stubborn resistance of the Belgians is the first great surprise of the war.

In an article on the German war plans in the March issue of the "Armée et Marine," a military magazine of Paris which is under the patronage of the French General Staff, the magazine's expert on strategy, who signs himself "Col. X," wrote that by the fourth day after the declaration of war the Germans would be ready "to commence their invasion of Belgium in order to dislocate the mobilization of this country, to menace Liège and Namur, and so give a pretext to King Albert to concentrate his army about Antwerp, leaving the road open to the German troops. . . . Belgium will have seemed to cede to superior force. . . . But in reality this will be the execution of an agreement for which the price has already been fixed."

As recently as last March the best-informed military magazine in France believed that the Belgians had a secret treaty with the Kaiser and that Liège would not fire a shot to check invasion.

This belief seems to have been shared by the German General Staff. They have been surprised and apparently disconcerted by the opposition of the Belgians.

One is reminded of Bismarck's definition of the qualities of a good diplomat: "Sound judgment of what other people will probably do under given circumstances; correct interpretation of their intentions and purposes." Evidently there is no Bismarckian diplomat in Berlin to-day.

At the first threat of invasion King Albert of Belgium called his people to arms and rushed to the defense of his frontier. Fighting began at once, and after a number of indecisive skirmishes the Belgians at Liège were driven back to their fortifications by a force of Germans estimated at 125,000.

LIÈGE—CHEVALIER DE LA LEGION D'HONNEUR

Numerous despatches have reached us telling the Belgian version of how the ancient town of Liège has suddenly come to life in current history.

It is a city of a little less than 200,000 souls, sprawled over the two banks of the river Meuse. There are some fine mediæval buildings to attract tourists and many very modern factories, which account for the railways that converge there and give the city its undesired military importance.

On the heights about Liège there is a ring of forts. Of course their existence was known, but no one seems to have taken them seriously. "The Statesman's Year Book," which generally gives such information, does not mention the fortifications.

But for more than a week these unconsidered forts held back the German army. The city has been entered, but the forts still hold out and block the railways.

Military experts on both sides expected

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the German army to be on French soil by this time. The long-heralded "dashing attack" crumpled up.

It is admitted that the German soldiers showed immense heroism in their assaults. What criticism we hear is directed against the higher officers. They were utterly unprepared for determined resistance. Their siege artillery was not at hand. And for several days, ignoring the lessons of every modern siege from Port Arthur to Adrianople, they recklessly launched infantry, in close formation, against fortifications and machine guns. As they had expected to dine in Liège, they had not brought food. And German soldiers are said to be surrendering in the hope of getting a square meal.

Liège, in itself, is not important. The French General Staff did not count on any serious resistance. But the check to the German advance is immensely important. The great superiority of the Kaiser's army was its ability to strike quickly.

Liège has allowed France to throw her standing army into Belgium and to muster her reserves undisturbed. It has given England time to land her expeditionary force. It may well prove that the plucky Belgians have been a decisive factor in remaking the map of Europe.

The French Government has given the heroic little city the Cross of the Legion of Honor—a distinction which has been granted to but one other city, Belfort, the hero of the Franco-Prussian War.

MARKING TIME IN LUXEMBURG

Germany's first act of war was the invasion of the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg. An army of 100,000 men is said to have overrun the tiny country—it is less than one-eighth the size of New Jersey. And since this first news there has been no word from Luxemburg until the 11th brought a rumor that an advance was being made into France by way of Longwy.

Here again the "dashing attack" did not materialize. Why should the Germans waste so many valuable days in Luxemburg? Probably they were waiting for the advance of the army before Liège to cover their right wing.

THE FRANCO-GERMAN FRONTIER

From the boundary line between France and Germany we have no news which clearly indicates the presence of any large force. A German dash across the frontier near Nancy was easily repulsed. A few hundred German cavalrymen raided the environments of Belfort and carried off some horses. The French also reported a few skirmishes across the line. But the largest single group of troops so far mentioned is a French force of less than 100,000 men.

THE FRENCH INVASION OF ALSACE

It is too early to guess the importance of this raid. The number reported in the press despatches is a very fair-sized advance guard in such a war as this, but it is not an army. But the unconfirmed report of the presence of General Joffre, the Commander-in-Chief, points to a serious military operation.

Starting from Belfort, this column crossed the frontier into "the Lost Province" of Alsace and came in touch with the enemy at Altkirch on the evening of the 7th. After some resistance the Germans retreated; the French entered the village, and the next morning pushed north and occupied the important but unfortified town of Mühlhausen.

Other French detachments, after severe fighting, forced their way through the passes of the Vosges Mountains, to the north of Belfort, and effected a juncture with the southern column. Their number is not given. The combined forces are reported to be in conflict with a larger German army.

So far these operations have been little more than a raid. But it is probable that the French are pouring troops across the frontier, and they may attack the fortress of Neu Breisach, which is a great deal more formidable than Liège.

The news of the first big battle of the war may reach us from Alsace. It looks as if a serious engagement was inevitable either there or in Belgium within the week.

WHERE IS THE GERMAN ARMY?

According to all paper reckonings, the Kaiser should have at least 2,000,000 men in the field by now. One hundred and twenty-five thousand are reported before Liège, 100,000 in Luxemburg. Not 50,000 have been definitely accounted for along the Franco-German border. We can guess that 200,000 are guarding the Russian frontier. But that leaves at least a million men unaccounted for. Where are they?

There are three main ways of entering France: (1) The northern route by way of Belgium and Luxemburg. (2) A frontal attack against the line of forts from Verdun to Belfort.

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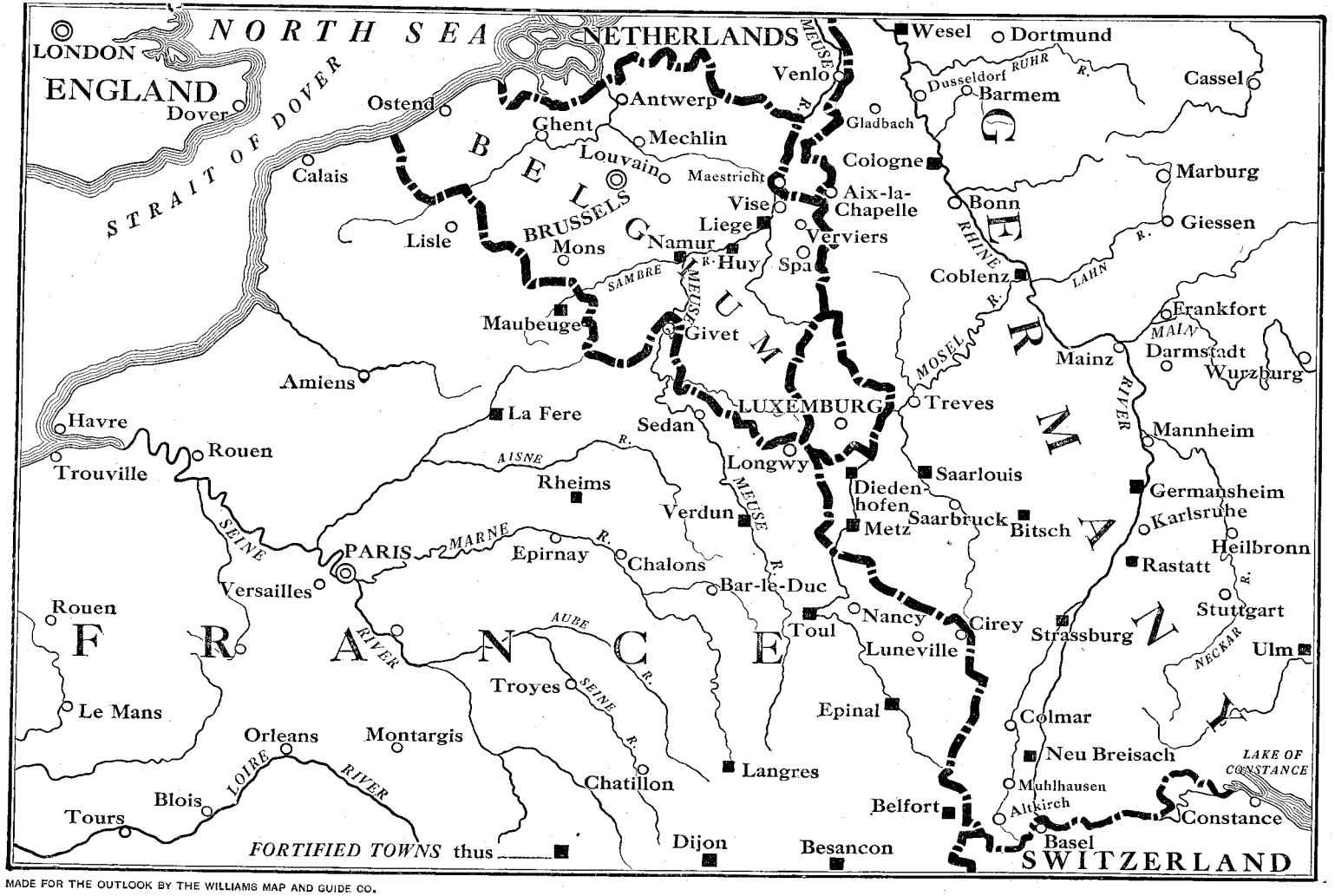

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THE SEAT OF WAR: FRANCE, BELGIUM, AND GERMANY

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(3) A flanking movement to the south through Switzerland. The Germans may attempt any one of these routes—or all of them.

The French expected the attack through Belgium. It was very probably their belief that the main army of the Germans is to the north, which explains their daring raid into Alsace. Perhaps the Kaiser is rushing the million men we have not yet heard from to smother Liège and to seek the decisive battle with the allies near the historic field of Waterloo.

It is just as likely that he is concentrating near Metz, waiting till the French have divided their forces between Belgium and Alsace to strike hard at the center of their line.

We may hear that he has moved south to repel the invader.

The important question as we go to press is—Where is the German army?

THE AUSTRO-SERB CAMPAIGN

The cause of this European war has dropped out of sight in the furor of greater conflicts. All we know of the invasion of Servia is negative. The soldiers of Franz Josef have not covered themselves with glory.

Belgrade, the capital of Servia, stands on a hill in the angle formed by the juncture of two rivers; the Danube there is about the size of the Hudson at Albany, the Save is smaller. On two sides the city looks out across the Austrian frontier. There are no modern forts. It does not seem a serious matter to capture it.

During the Balkan War the Austrians concentrated large forces before Belgrade and seemed bent on inciting the Serbs to declare war. Every night they bombarded the city with searchlights. Their favorite mark was the royal Palace. King Peter, who was ill, had to move into the back of the Palace because of the disturbing glare.

They have been using cannon now instead of searchlights for many days, but they have not yet taken the city.

It is reported that 40,000 Austrian troops, who could not be trusted to fight against the Slavs, have been sent west to help the Germans in Alsace.

THE RUSSIAN FRONTIER

Indecisive skirmishes have been reported all along the Russian border. A few railway bridges have been destroyed and half a dozen villages burned. There have been rumors and counter-rumors of naval engagements in the Baltic. Libau, a Russian naval station of some importance, has been bombarded, but the amount of damage done is uncertain.

Russia, because of her vast size and backward railways, mobilizes very slowly. It will be a month or six weeks before she gathers sufficient strength to be seriously aggressive.

ON SEA

Contrary to most predictions, the first clash of the war was a land battle. During the first week of hostilities there was no general engagement of the British fleet. The cruiser Amphion was destroyed by a mine. In return the English have sunk a submarine and a mine-layer. The German fleet has not accepted the proffered battle.

In the Mediterranean the German cruiser Panther, of Agadir fame, shelled the Algerian town of Bône, and soon after fell a victim to the allies.

The most contradictory reports have come from the Baltic, but there is no verified news of anything of importance.

IN THE AIR

The air has been an even worse disappointment to the prophets than the sea. Germans, French, Russians, and Belgians all seem to have used aeroplanes extensively for scouting. How valuable they will prove as news-gatherers is not yet determined. But no Zeppelin has blown up the Bank of England nor the Chambre des Deputés. One dropped some explosives in the French village of Lunéville, destroyed the side of a church, and, according to one report, killed twenty-five people.

We have heard much more of the destruction of air craft than of destruction by them.

THE WAR'S BY-PRODUCTS

The disastrous results of war, entirely aside from the death and destruction in the path of the armies, is already being felt the world over. The cab horses of Paris have been requisitioned by the military authorities. The cab-drivers are starving. Even the threat of war during the Balkan crisis of 1913 caused Paquin, the great Parisian dressmaker, to discharge half of his working-girls. Unemployment in England, due to the shutting down of factories and the dislocation of trade, has reached serious proportions. All the world is suffering from the advance of food prices. Mr. George Kennan writes from

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Nova Scotia: "The Canadian mobilization is causing much suffering here. Men are being taken away, leaving their families almost without support and their haying and harvesting undone."

New York, August 12

THE WEEK

THE WIRELESS AND THE WAR

A strenuous protest has been sent by the German-American Chamber of Commerce of New York to the President against alleged discrimination in the Government censorship of wireless stations on our coast. The protest asserts that, as the German cable is cut (not, of course, by the United States), while the English and French cables are open and practically uncensored, a serious discrimination against Germany results when wireless messages to the German war-ships off our coast are interrupted. It is also alleged that some wireless stations have been allowed to send wireless instructions to the English ships off our coast; as to this the facts are not very clear.

Nothing is more certain than that our Government wishes to preserve neutrality as between the warring nations with the utmost fairness. Without attempting to pass upon the merits of various claims as to facts, we may here point out that there are certain broad principles involved:

1. All the countries at war should be treated exactly alike by the United States as a neutral Power in any regulations respecting communications between persons in this country and in those nations.

2. The wireless and the cable are only different methods of communication. It would seem that they should be governed by the same rules; yet it is urged that the Government had before the war assumed a certain regulation over the wireless which it did not exercise over the cables. Moreover, it is open to question whether messages sent, say, from New York directly to foreign war-ships engaged in naval operations off our coast would not be such an aid to a combatant's war strategy as to constitute a breach of neutrality. The wireless is comparatively a new method of communication, and may possibly imply special measures of restriction.

3. No code messages should be allowed, whether by wireless or cable. Great Britain applied this rule to communications with the United States while she was still neutral in the war. Ethically, a neutral Power ought not to allow messages of instruction or information to be sent from its citizens or others for the purpose of aiding hostile operations. For the same reason communications by cable and wireless should be censored or supervised. It is impossible, however, for a neutral nation to censor letters without violating personal liberty unendurably.

4. It is equally clear that there should be freedom in the use of cables and wireless for purely personal and commercial messages. It is true that incidentally such messages may convey information or aid to a combatant (there is a story that the message telling the Kronprinzessin Cecilie to return was couched in the words "Willie has appendicitis"), but the injustice caused by possible cases of this kind is not to be compared with the injustice to the civilized world if these methods of international communication were cut off.

In short, our Government must act fairly and impartially, and must consider not only the obligation of neutrality but the obligation it owes its own citizens and the world at large to help and not to check personal messages and proper business. If it is necessary in order to bring this about for the Government to take over the wireless and cable offices, even this step is within its legal and moral rights.

AMERICAN EXPORTS IN WAR TIME: HOW SHALL WE GET THE SHIPS?

There is no question that a great commercial opportunity now presents itself for American exports. Europe, devastated and blocked by the almost universal war, demands American products and will eagerly take them. But coexistent with this opportunity is the lamentable lack of American ships. What can be done? Congress recognizes the need of action, and last week three measures were before it. One (the Weeks Bill) would use our war-ships for the transport of grain and other products. This seems almost fantastic; and, even if practicable, might endanger our relations with the nations at war. It is also open to the objection that it would

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do nothing to better the American merchant marine permanently. The second measure (the Williams Bill) would authorize the Secretary of the Treasury to purchase foreign ships in American ports, to use them for transporting our products, and at the end of the war to sell them at public auction or private sale. The difficulty here lies in the fact that the combatant Powers might not recognize a change of registry so made as valid. Under the uncertain status of international law, each combatant nation is really the sole judge, through its own courts, as to a claim of neutrality put forward in behalf of a vessel captured by its war-ships. Naturally, each nation would have a strong bias against recognizing as neutral a ship whose registry had been changed obviously to avoid war conditions. The same objection applies, but less seriously, to the Adamson Bill, which reduces the restrictions at present required for a change of registry from a foreign flag to the American flag so as to allow any ship's registry to be changed if purchased by American citizens, regardless of the age of the ship—at present this can be done only if the ship is not more than five years old. It is certain that the foreign nations at war would inquire closely into the terms of any such purchase and change of registry, and would insist that the sale be genuine and devoid of any agreement for repurchase.

One other method of aid to American shipping proposed is that the Government should insure against war risks non-contraband cargoes carried in vessels of American registry. This would greatly lessen the difficulty above stated. That it is not impracticable is seen in the fact that the British Government has already undertaken to insure against war risks, although with certain restrictions and requirements, neutral cargoes carried in English merchant ships. This in itself greatly relieves the situation as to American commerce, for England evidently believes it possible to guard and protect British commerce between this country and at least its western coast.

The pitiable paucity of American ships, apart from the coastwise trade, was never so evident. Whatever else our present shipping and navigation laws may do, they certainly have not built up American shipping. We do build our own coastwise vessels, because the laws forbid this trade to be carried on in foreign ships. We do not build ships to take American products to Europe and South America because Germany and England can, with their cheaper ships, outbid American-built ships in the carrying trade. If we can enlarge the American merchant marine now because of the war conditions, well and good, but its permanent enlargement must be apart from the war opportunity. Whether the way lies through ship subsidy or through a discriminating export tax which should favor goods carried in American-built vessels, or in permitting Americans to buy ships where they will, or through some other plan, are questions which require immediate consideration and radical action. The Outlook's judgment was stated last week: Congress should pass at once, by unanimous consent, a law allowing Americans to purchase, to own, and to navigate under American protection foreign-built ships, and should leave details to be worked out by subsequent legislation.

HOW TO AID STRANDED AMERICANS

The question of aiding American citizens in Europe to obtain funds continues to be of importance. The following statement, kindly prepared at our request for The Outlook by the Hon. Seth Low, Chairman of the New York Relief Committee, deals with the situation both Nationally and in New York:

The Committee of New York citizens appointed by Mayor Mitchel for the purpose of co-operating with the Federal authorities in assisting Americans abroad believes that the immediate difficulties which have created so much anxiety have been cleared away.

Direct lines of communication are now open with all European countries, with the exception of Germany and Austria. Payments on travelers' checks and other credit instruments have been resumed in England, France, and, to a large extent, in Switzerland. This is presumably true of Russia.

The reassuring news comes from the War Department that a definite plan has been formulated for facilitating the return of Americans in Russia, Germany, and Austria. It is believed that adequate transportation facilities can be provided without the use of American ships and transports.

For the benefit of those who are anxious to communicate with friends abroad the Mayor's Committee suggests the following methods:

In case the address of the friend is known, the cable companies will accept messages to all European countries with the exception of Germany and Austria. The censorship regulations require plain English or plain French—with

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the full name and address of both the person addressed and the sender.

In case the address is not known, a message should be sent to the American consular official in the territory where the party has been traveling. A letter should be sent to the State Department calling its attention to the case.

For persons desiring to send funds abroad the United States Treasury is offering its assistance. Funds may be deposited at the various sub-treasuries and with the Treasury officials. Payments in Europe will be made through the consular service.

Several New York banks are in a position to accept funds for payments abroad. The Mayor's Committee, with its headquarters at 65 Liberty Street, New York City, will be glad to furnish additional information—if it is necessary.

SETH LOW,
Chairman of the Committee.

In this connection it is interesting to note a despatch from London stating that Dr. John H. Finley, State Commissioner of Education of New York, and several members of the American Citizens' Committee were leaving under the auspices of the Red Cross for Germany, via Holland, to assist in the work of relieving the Americans stranded there. The American Red Cross is actively engaged in preparations for doing its utmost in the interest of humanity in this war.

THE INTERESTS OF JAPAN AND CHINA IN THE EUROPEAN WAR

Although the existing European war will be almost universally deplored, there are at least two countries in which the feeling of regret will be blended with a consciousness of profound relief. These countries are Japan and China. Ever since the Russo-Japanese War the higher military authorities of Japan, and a part, at least, of her statesmen, have dreaded a possible, if not a probable, resumption of Russia's aggressive policy in the Far East. Her activity in double-tracking the Siberian Railway, in constructing an entirely new line at great cost along the Amur River, and in strengthening her military forces in Asia has given the Japanese cause to fear that she intended, at the first favorable opportunity, to renew the struggle for supremacy on the eastern Asiatic mainland, and to recover, if possible, the ground that she lost in the campaigns of 1904–5. It was in view of this menacing possibility that the Japanese Minister of War, in the second Saionji Cabinet, insisted upon an increase in the strength of the army, and especially upon the organization and detail of two more military divisions for service in Korea. A large part of the Japanese population, already oppressed by the heavy burden of war taxes, could not see the necessity for additional expenditures upon the army, and protested in particular against the sending of two more divisions to Korea. Upon the issue thus raised in the press and in the Diet the second Saionji Ministry was overthrown. There has been a more or less continuous struggle ever since between the party of economy, which clamors for a reduction of taxes, and the so-called military party, which advocates an increase in the army estimates on account of the danger of Russian aggression.

Whatever may be the result of the European struggle for supremacy, Japan will be relieved of apprehension, so far as Korea and Manchuria are concerned, for many years to come. After a war with Germany and Austria, no matter whether it be successful or disastrous, Russia will not be able to resume military operations in the Far East or even to adopt a threatening policy there. She will be compelled, for at least a quarter of a century, to conserve her military and financial resources, and to make good, so far as she can, the tremendous losses of a great war.

Freed from the fear of Russian pressure on the Asiatic mainland, Japan will be able not only to economize in her military budget, but to lighten her oppressive taxes, while at the same time she will have ample opportunities to increase and consolidate her power both in Manchuria and in Korea. Already there are nearly two hundred thousand Japanese in Korea, and in another quarter of a century it will be possible to organize a formidable army there from the Japanese population alone.

The relief to China will be almost equally great. She has already been disquieted and harassed by aggressive Russian activity in Mongolia, and she has always been in danger of losing the fertile territory of Kulja, which she was forced to surrender to Russia in 1871, but which she subsequently recovered, in part, at a cost of about $10,000,000. China has made nearly all her treaties with the Czar under coercion; but there is some reason to hope and expect that by the time Russia recovers from the struggle in which she is now engaged and begins to prepare for another "Manchurian adventure," China

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will be in a position to offer effective resistance.

A WARLIKE PEACE MEETING

A belligerent peace meeting was held in Union Square, New York City, on the afternoon of August 8. It was the first large anti-militarist demonstration in this country since the outbreak of the European war, and probably will be followed throughout the United States by others of a like nature.

The speakers, all Socialists, led by ex-Mayor Lunn, of Schenectady, demanded that the workingmen of all nations should, in the name of the brotherhood of man, oppose any call to arms, and that they should oppose such a call, if necessary, by force. "War is Hell," in bright-red letters a foot high, was placarded over the speakers' heads, while between speeches inciting to peace a fife and drum corps played "The International," a seemingly martial tune of stirring melody.

The speakers themselves were anything but pacific in their denunciations of the European conflict. They declared that Socialists abroad had been taken completely by surprise by the suddenness of the attack; that had they been given two weeks longer in which to combat the sudden tide of martial fury a general strike would have been the response of the working class to the cry for war.

It was a cosmopolitan crowd that gathered there in the hot August sun to express their disapproval of war and of the makers of war. Nearly six thousand people, of many nations, made up the audience. Russians and Germans stood side by side on the speakers' platform. One man carried a French and a German flag in either hand. The delegation from the Hungarian League for Independence had a banner declaring "The Servians Are Our Brothers."

Before the meeting began a little group of Anarchist speakers invaded the square, mounted on soap-boxes, and began to talk to the assembling people. They gave way quietly in favor of the Socialists when the latter's meeting began. Here and there throughout the crowd girls crowned in red liberty caps sold copies of what one buyer termed "incendiary peace literature." Men with placards in their hats inscribed "War—What For?" added their howls of approval to any violent denunciations of the horrors of bloodshed.

The prevailing sentiment seemed to be that in the United States alone could any concerted action be sustained at this time toward spreading the Socialists' anti-militarist propaganda. In Germany rumors of Socialists' meetings to oppose war were beginning to come just before the cables were seized in the mailed grip of the censor. In France Jean Leon Jaurès, the Socialist leader, was shot because of his anti-military activities. The opposition of the Belgian Socialists to war has been swamped in the rising tide of patriotic indignation at invasion. In England, John Burns, the Radical Labor leader, has resigned from the Cabinet as a protest against involving Great Britain in the general mêlée. Italy remained neutral in spite of treaty obligations partly, Socialists say, on account of strong Socialist sentiment in the northern provinces. But the speakers at the Union Square meeting seemed to feel that in the United States alone could the advocates of peace find a fallow field for propaganda.

Resolutions were passed at the meeting calling on the United States Government to prohibit the "furnishing to the belligerent powers any moneys, food supplies, munitions of war, or any other commodity that will in any way assist to prolong this butchery."

One amusing incident of the afternoon was the arrest of the clerical speaker Urban or Urbansky. The police were almost forced to take him into custody to protect him from violence at the hands of the indignant peace lovers. Urban is a professional baiter of radicals, and his *provocateur* methods had such an effect on the crowd of pacifists that they were on the point of rushing him off his soap-box when the police interfered and removed him to the safety of a cell. One well-known Irish leader expressed the sentiment of the day when he told his followers, "You've got to fight sometimes if you want to have peace."

PARDONS AND PUBLICITY

Dr. Thomas J. Kemp, convicted of sending information through the mail as to where illegal medical operations could be obtained, and sentenced to prison for a term of years on this conviction, has had his sentence commuted to a fine by the President. This action elicited a vigorous protest from the Washington Medical Society, after full discussion. The crime of which Dr. Kemp was convicted is one deserving and receiving the

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severest reprobation from the public in general, and especially from the medical profession, for it involves the use of medical skill to destroy or at least to prevent life. The matter has been brought to the attention of Congress by two reports from the Judiciary Committee. One prepared by Representative Webb, of North Carolina, recommends that the resolution of inquiry offered in Congress be laid on the table, on the ground "that the power of the President in granting pardons is derived from the Constitution, that it is unlimited, rests entirely within his discretion, and cannot be controlled, limited, or regulated by Congress." The minority report, presented by Mr. Volstead, of Minnesota, the ranking Republican member of the Committee, insists that either house of Congress has the right to call upon the President for information concerning a pardon case.

We agree with Mr. Volstead. Congress has a right to call upon the President for information respecting any administrative act, and the President is morally bound to give such information unless he is prepared to say that the interests of the public service or the rights of some individual will be injured by the publicity. The right of the American Congress ought not to be, and in our judgment is not, less than the right of the English House of Commons. In the English House of Commons there is an hour devoted to questions, and any member of the House has a right, after giving notice, to question the appropriate representative of the administration on any action taken by the administration. The official interrogator may decline to answer on the ground that an answer would be prejudicial to the interests of the Empire. But it is assumed in England, as it ought to be assumed here, that the public has a right to know all the facts respecting any executive act unless there are special reasons why, in the judgment of the Executive, the information should not be given. We agree with Mr. Volstead that "pitiless publicity is the great safeguard against the abuse of power."

THE INTER-STATE COMMERCE COMMISSION INCREASES FREIGHT RATES

By its decision in what is known as the "Five Per Cent Case" the Inter-State Commerce Commission has still further strengthened its position as one of the important and valuable departments of the Government. Not only that—it points the way which might well be followed in regulating other branches of industry, besides that of railway transportation, by Commission supervision.

We have more than once expressed a wish that important Government public documents might be obtained easily by any citizen on application at his local post-office. The report of the Inter-State Commerce Commission is a document that ought to be widely circulated in some such simple way. It is not only full of the most valuable technical and scientific information in the form of tables, charts, and statistics, but it is readable and easily understood. There was widespread irritation and complaint on the part of railway and business men over the alleged dilatoriness of the Commission in coming to its decision. The Commission refers to these criticisms as follows:

> Respectable journals joined in demanding the immediate approval of the proposed rates. Cartoons appeared in the public press depicting the Commission as an obstruction to progress and prosperity. . . . One traffic association offered to deluge the Commission's offices with thousands of telegrams; other organizations started chains of letters, some of which, in identical language, are still reaching the offices of the Commission from widely separated parts of the country; others took the trouble to send to members of the Commission clippings from newspapers and magazines containing editorials and news items relating to the case and denouncing our delay in disposing of it. All this was done regardless of the fact that the Commission is under the express statutory obligation of affording a full hearing in such matters to all who desire to be heard and have reasonable grounds for a hearing.

Not only were these deliberations prescribed by statute, but the labor involved in the investigation, the hearings, and the digesting and summarizing of evidence was very great. The hearings began on November 24, 1913, and continued until May 1, 1914. Numerous individuals representing both the railways and the shippers were heard; great numbers of documents and exhibits were presented; and printed briefs were filed by interested parties. The record of the proceedings fills many volumes, aggregating nearly nineteen thousand typewritten pages. This enormous amount of material had to be carefully examined and thoroughly studied by the Commission before it could render its judgment. Any manufacturer or merchant

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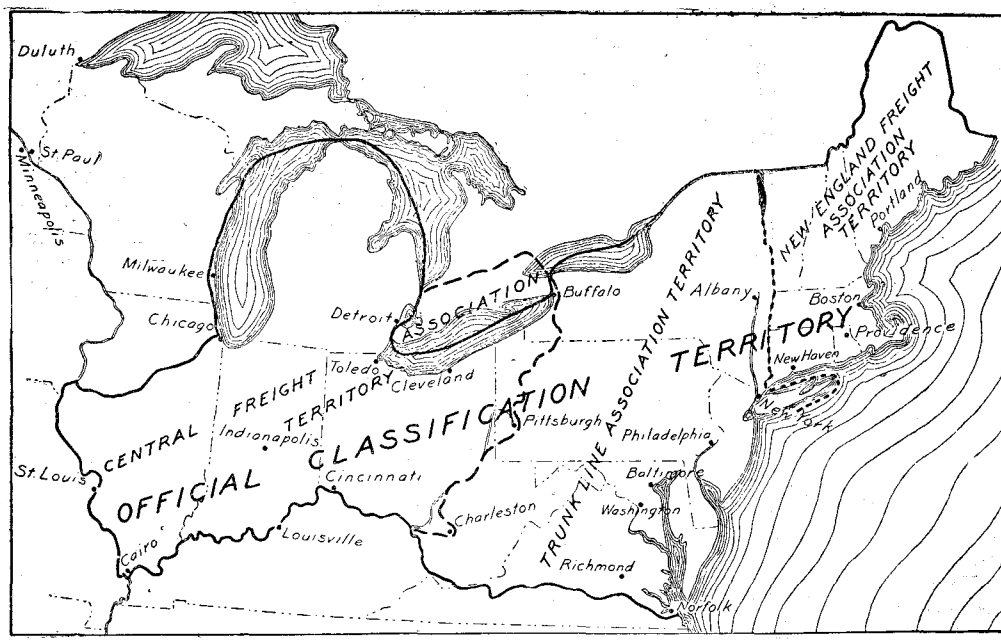

MAP OF THE RAILWAY TERRITORY AFFECTED BY THE INTER-STATE COMMERCE COMMISSION'S DECISION

who is familiar with the complication of railway tariff sheets may easily realize the labor involved. The hearings on special commodities, such as coal, coke, ore, brick, cement, lumber, ice, sand, gravel, paper, pulp, corn products, and petroleum alone occupied thirty-six days. A hundred and twelve railways, comprised in thirty-five railway systems, with a capitalization amounting to over six billion dollars, were involved. We doubt if the Supreme Court of the United States has ever rendered a decision of equal importance to the country in so brief a time.

THE CASE AND THE DECISION

The railways that appealed to the Commission for permission to raise their freight rates by a so-called five per cent increase are those which serve the territory lying between the Atlantic Ocean on the east, the Great Lakes on the north, the Mississippi River on the west, and the Ohio and Potomac Rivers on the south—a territory technically defined by the railway world as "official classification territory." This grand division is divided into three parts, namely, New England territory, Trunk Line territory, and Central Freight Association territory. A reference to the accompanying map will explain these geographical limits. In brief, it may be said that the Commission has decided that an increase of freight rates in Central Freight Association territory is just and should be granted, but it denies the increase to the Trunk Line and New England territories. Commissioners McChord and Daniels dissent from this decision on the ground that the same justice to the railways which requires an increase of freight rates in the central territory also requires that the railways of the Trunk Line and New England territories should be permitted a similar increase. The judicial character of the Commission is indicated by its support of the claims of the railways in one section of the country and of the shippers in another great section. The principle upon which the Commission has rendered its decision is thus stated in the words of Chairman Harlan:

> The public owes to the private owners of these properties, when well located and managed, the full opportunity to earn a fair return on the investment; and the carriers owe to the public an efficient service at reasonable rates. This fundamental doctrine has been recognized by the Commission in the performance of its duties. The proceeding before us may therefore be described as, in some sense, a controversy between the consuming public which pays the rate and the investor who furnishes the facilities for moving the freight; and our duty is to ascertain from the record before us what

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are their respective rights. That, in fact, is the real railroad question—the just balancing of the mutual rights of the public and of the carriers under a National policy that permits and invites the performance of this public function by private interests.

There are many subsidiary and detailed elements in the report of the Commission to discuss which space forbids. The Commission recommends some directions in which the railways may increase their net revenue: such, for example, as the reduction of over-capitalization; proper bookkeeping; expedition in loading, discharging, and moving freight; further reduction in issuing passes; a reduction in the empty movement and waste capacity of freight cars; increased efficiency in the use of fuel; a better obedience to the law, so that the amount of fines and forfeitures may be reduced (the railways in the official classification territory have in four years paid nearly one million dollars "in forfeitures and fines, the larger part of which represents penalties for rebating); the selling of property which is not used by the railways for actual transportation purposes; and a more honest and a more economical purchasing system.

The progressive railway men of the country ought to accept these suggestions cheerfully. If the railway managers of the country desire to preserve the principle of private ownership of railways, as opposed to Government ownership, they must heartily co-operate with the Inter-State Commerce Commission in putting these reforms into practice.

TRUST LEGISLATION

The Trade Commission Bill, the essential features of which have been described in The Outlook, passed the Senate on August 5 by a vote of 53 to 16; only two Democrats voted against it, while twelve Republicans voted for it. As passed, the bill includes the provision giving the Trade Commission power to prevent unfair competition, but without definition as to what unfair competition is. In this respect and in some others the bill is stronger, and therefore better, than the bill which passed the House of Representatives. It is still, however, very far from being such an effective measure as would put the Trade Commission in its relation to great business corporations on the same footing as that of the Inter-State Commerce Commission towards railways.

Up to August 13 the Senate had not acted upon the other two bills which together with the Trade Commission Bill make up what is sometimes called the Anti-Trust Trinity. Of these the Clayton Bill still contains the provision exempting labor and agricultural organizations from the provisions of the anti-trust laws. Otherwise the Clayton Bill is a kind of *omnium gatherum* of specific prohibitions, including unjust discrimination between purchasers, stockholding of one corporation by another, wrong practices by carriers, interlocking directorships, and much else; the prosecution of such offenses would be, not through the Trade Commission, but through the courts. The third bill is that which deals with the over-issue of securities, with power given to the Inter-State Commerce Commission to deal with the matter. According to the announced programme of the Administration, it is expected that the three bills will all be passed by August 25, and action may be taken by the Senate before this is read. In view of the fact that large principles are concerned, and the further fact that the bills passed separately by the two houses must be brought through a Commission into unity, there is some danger on the one hand of ill-considered haste, and on the other of a prolongation through the rest of the summer of a discussion as to which business men are already tired.

INTERNATIONAL TENNIS

In less troublous times the international controversy about to be settled on the courts at Forest Hills, Long Island, would have been accorded a suitable place on the front pages of our newspapers. As The Outlook goes to press, the final matches for the international tennis trophy, the Davis Cup, are beginning. Representatives of Germany, Great Britain, Australasia, Canada, France, and Belgium have all taken part in the preliminary contests to determine which should have the privilege of challenging the United States to play for this international trophy at present held in America. England defeated the Belgians early in July, and later won from France at Wimbledon, the scene of so many notable tennis tournaments. The Australasians defeated the Canadians at Lake Forest, Illinois, and the Germans at Pittsburgh. The British team succumbed to the Australasians on the Longwood courts, near Boston. The American team, upon which our hope for retaining the trophy rests, consists of Mr. R. Norris Williams, Mr. Karl Behr, Mr. Thomas E.

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Bundy, and, last but by no means least, Mr. Maurice E. McLoughlin, of California. The most notable of the Australasians opposed to our players are Norman E. Brookes and the New Zealander Anthony F. Wilding. The Davis Tennis Cup, originally offered by Dwight F. Davis, an American player of note, returned to this country, after a long absence of ten years, a year ago this August. It was captured from Great Britain by Mr. McLoughlin, Mr. Williams, and Mr. Harold H. Hackett.

It is hardly a decade and a half since this international contest was begun. Its trophy is now among those most honored by the athletes of the world. The list of nations which have taken part in the contests in the past two years furnishes almost a complete catalogue of those countries in which tennis possesses a strong foothold. It is a startling fact that all but one of these nations which have contested so recently and so peaceably for first honors in the tennis world have been drawn with sickening rapidity into the European maelstrom.

A PRESIDENT DIES: AN OPPORTUNITY IS BORN

The brief announcement of the death of President Roque Saenz Peña, of the Argentine Republic, on Sunday, August 9, is of direct importance to all Americans if only because it reminds us that there are other nations in this world than those so unhappily contending upon the Continent of Europe. Upon our commercial relations with our neighbors on this hemisphere during this period of international disaster will depend to no small extent the success or failure of this country in sustaining the present unparalleled blow upon its industrial fabric. With the likelihood that the ability of Europe to absorb many classes of our manufactured products will be cut down to a minimum over a not yet to be determined period of years, it behooves us to search out and develop to the fullest possible extent all the remaining markets of the world.

The chief of these markets now open to us are the republics to the south. An opportunity to win and cultivate this vast field is now presented to American manufacturers. The destruction of the German merchant marine, the temporary diversion of the ships of England to military purposes, the exhaustion of surplus capital in Europe, and the fact that the great and growing republics to the south are so largely dependent upon foreign nations for the development of their resources and the necessities of modern civilization, are factors which our Government and our citizens cannot afford to ignore. Ability to secure a commanding commercial position with the Latin-American republics, whose combined export and import trade during the year 1912 amounted, according to the statement of the Pan-American Union, to approximately three billion dollars, is dependent, first of all, largely upon our success in developing a merchant marine under the American flag. Dr. Peña was an expert in international law, a devoted believer in the future of the South American nations, and a sympathizer with the movement to promote Pan-American friendships, although a robust supporter of the equal rights of Latin America with the United States in Pan-American affairs. His successor is, if anything, even more liberal and progressive in his domestic policy and his Pan-American views.

MEXICO: THE TRIUMPH OF THE CONSTITUTIONALISTS

It is not at all improbable that before these lines are read the military forces of the Constitutionalists will be in Mexico City. General Carranza has refused to make terms with the Provisional President, Mr. Carbajal, and has insisted upon a complete surrender to him of any military forces which may be found in Mexico City upon his arrival. This is merely carrying out the fixed policy of Carranza from the beginning—to refuse to have any official dealings with any one who derives power from the Huerta dictatorship.

President Carbajal will very probably resign and retire to Vera Cruz. It is not likely that military resistance will be offered to the Constitutionalists, who are, as we write, moving the armies commanded by General Obregon towards the city. Carranza has given assurances to our State Department that no excesses will be permitted when his armies enter the city, and it is understood that Federalist soldiers will not be executed unless possibly in the case of officers charged with complicity in the betrayal and death of President Madero. Most of the Federalists who are hated for this reason or as traitors to the Madero cause have already left Mexico City as lines of retreat have been opened to them through Vera Cruz and Puerto Mexico.

Meanwhile, how about General Villa? Ru-

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mors of strained relations between Villa and Carranza continue. Villa is at the head of a large army lying between and about Torreon and Chihuahua. Whether he is to be permitted to take part in the entry of Mexico City, and what the future will bring forth as regards his relations with Carranza, are really the most important questions in Mexico to-day. It cannot be said that the situation is altogether hopeful as regards peace and a united Constitutionalist government.

OUR DIMINISHING DEATH RATE

The Census Bureau has recently published some very encouraging figures showing that the death rate is steadily falling in the registration area of the United States, a pretty fair test of the whole, as it includes sixty-five per cent of the population.

In 1913 the death rate was 14.1 for each thousand of the estimated population, which is a decrease of thirteen per cent, or one death in eight, from 16.2, the average from 1901 to 1905. If the same rate had prevailed in 1913 as in the years 1901–5, there would have been 1,025,446 deaths instead of 890,823, an excess of 134,623. The saving of these lives can be attributed to the awakening of the people to the necessity of supporting the public health authorities, according to the Census Bureau.

Among the States Rhode Island had the largest percentage of decrease, with 15.7 per cent, followed by New York (12.3), New Jersey (11.2), and Massachusetts (9.6). Slightly increased rates are shown for Michigan (4.5), New Hampshire (3), and Indiana (0.8). The Western States, on the whole, have the lowest rates; Washington, which leads with 8.5 deaths per thousand, being followed by Minnesota, Utah, Wisconsin, and Colorado. The highest rate, 17.1, is that of New Hampshire.

Among the cities of 100,000 and over which show a reduction of twenty per cent over the average of 1901–5, New York leads with a decrease of 24.7, being followed in order by Jersey City, Newark, and San Francisco. Seattle has a lower average than any other large city, her rate being 8.4 per thousand, and her neighbors, Spokane, Washington, and Portland, Oregon, are almost as healthy.

The death rate in Southern cities is generally high, due largely to the great mortality among the black population, but even among the Negroes the death rate is falling, on the whole, and there should be continued improvement with the spread of education among them. "Another decade should see a more reasonable balance between the rates accorded to the two races," says the "Journal of the American Medical Association."

EDUCATION: THE TOOLS AND THE PURPOSE

One of the weak points in our educational systems to-day is the endeavor to cover too wide a range of knowledge. There was a time when it was possible to describe a man as a universal scholar; but to-day universality and scholarship are almost antipodal. Goethe's range of interests gave his mind a kind of intellectual cosmopolitanism, and in more than one field he was an original investigator. He gained a view of human history ample enough to bring out some of the main lines of development, and a knowledge of science wide enough to make the idea of evolution clear and vital to him; but even to a mind of such breadth and fertility as his it would be impossible to-day to pass beyond the threshold of many of the sciences. And when he strove to express in poetry the fundamental relations and meanings of things, he was driven to the use of symbols, and the second part of "Faust" needs not only a glossary but a key, like any other puzzle. All paths of knowledge lead into infinity, and a man must choose his path.

The great diversities of studies and of courses, the many kinds of training, which have come into existence during the last fifty years are due in part to the recognition of the vast accumulation of knowledge and the limited capacity of men to assimilate it. One of the obstacles to a free, creative life of the mind is the piling up of facts not yet arranged and digested. Scholars, scientists, and thinkers are buried under unrelated masses of fact, as some capitalists are buried under accumulations of money so great that the direction of their affairs, the care of investments, and the discharge of obligations of all sorts turn great wealth into a colossal taskmaster; a moderate fortune means independence, a colossal fortune means slavery. Freedom and joy in life are conditioned on keeping the spirit in command of all resources, whether intellectual or material; wealth crushes the life of many people by

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sheer weight, and enormous collections of facts not yet subdued to the uses of thought breed discouragement and skepticism. When the discovery of a law has brought a million facts into order, the mind is freed from the burden of unassimilated knowledge and invigorated and energized by a sense of increased mastery over the forces of the world.

To give information is one of the three chief functions of education, but it must be kept in right relations with the function of training and discipline and with the function of putting men into vital relations with life in its breadth and depth by lighting the whole field of knowledge with ideas and principles. Many of the criticisms of classical education which have appeared in The Outlook during the last three months have been directed not at the material of the study but at the manner of teaching: the bare, literal treatment of the rich deposits of the thought and experience of two of the three great teaching races; the use of literatures of immense vitality for the purpose of imparting information rather than for the enrichment and freedom of the intellectual life. When one thinks of the beauty and power of those literatures, the lack of inspiration in many of the teachers has been tragic. When a man who is only a philologist or a drill-master attempts to teach Greek, he defeats the ends of education; one must have imagination and the sense of life flowing through those great works of art, so superbly expressive of the human spirit, to make Greek a living language. The Renaissance was only one of many reawakenings of the human spirit past and to come, and so long as the world stands the vital creations of the past will be rediscovered and life will stream from them age after age. It is a significant fact that every generation must have its own translation of Homer.

The value of the classical education, apart from its stimulating effect on the imagination and its definition of forms of art and its training of taste, is in the sense of the continuity of human experience which it conveyed; the sense of the vital relations of the present with the past, of the dependence of the men of to-day upon the men of yesterday. The rawness of much of the thinking and the crudity of much of the action of every age of rapid movement is due to the complete detachment from the main current of history of the untrained men who come to the front. In every age the past survives and the future is in process of evolution; education has rendered no more important service to society than in keeping men aware of their large relations to past and present. The member of Congress who wanted to know "where we are at" evidently did not know, but his inquiry must be answered by every age which makes enduring achievements.

Tennyson has reminded us that even a good custom too rigidly and narrowly adhered to may "corrupt the world." The study of the classics, which at first was an inspiration, became a tradition, and, later still, in many cases a superstition. The advance of science involved not only a great broadening of the field of knowledge, but a definition of laws and forces which it was of vital importance to safety and prosperity to know, and education began at once to adapt itself to the needs of a period of scientific activity and achievement; for education must not only recognize but address itself to the human needs of each stage of development. In the Middle Ages, when the world and society were conceived of as static, and the idea of progress, which is the inspiration of modern life, had not been clearly seen, education could remain stationary; but when society began to move forward, the readjustment of educational methods became inevitable. To the scholastic training succeeded the broader education of the Renaissance, at once freer and less concerned with abstractions. That education, which bore a rich harvest of thought, art, and action, was in turn widened to make room for science. And now another epoch has arrived, and the social and economic relations of men are absorbing the thought and deeply affecting the laws of society, and education must recognize a new group of interests and needs.

In these readaptations some things are lost, mistakes are made, and much uncertainty and confusion are brought into the field of education; but education was made for man, not man for education; and men must be helped to understand the time in which they live and the problems they are compelled to solve. If education fails to make them at home in their own age, either by overemphasis on the past or by one-sided adaptation to existing conditions, it fails tragically. An education that is wholly classical or wholly scientific or wholly economic and sociological is as much a vocational education as training in the use of the lathe or the making of paints or the laying of bricks. The spirit, the brain, and the hand, yester-

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day, to-day, and to-morrow, must be provided for and served in a sound and vital system of education; such a system must preserve unity in diversity, it must provide for many men without sacrificing man.

A CONTRAST

The Emperor William at Berlin, March 29, 1901:

"We will be everywhere victorious even if we are surrounded by enemies on all sides and even if we have to fight superior numbers, for our most powerful ally is God, who, since the time of the Great Elector and Great King, has always been on our side."

Abraham Lincoln, during the darkest hours of the Civil War, in response to the question whether he was sure that God was on "our side:"

"I do not know; I have not thought about that. But I am very anxious to know whether we are on God's side."

A PARALLEL

"A Wolf, meeting with a Lamb astray from the fold, resolved not to lay violent hands on him, but to find some plea which should justify to the Lamb himself his right to eat him. He then addressed him: 'Sirrah, last year you grossly insulted me.' 'Indeed,' bleated the Lamb in a mournful tone of voice, 'I was not then born.' Then said the Wolf: 'You feed in my pasture.' 'No, good sir,' replied the Lamb, 'I have not yet tasted grass.' Again said the Wolf: 'You drink of my well.' 'No,' exclaimed the Lamb, 'I never yet drank water, for as yet my mother's milk is both food and drink to me.' On which the Wolf seized him, and ate him up, saying: 'Well! I won't remain supperless, even though you refute every one of my imputations.'"

Or would have done so, but a sheep-dog who had promised protection came to the Lamb's defense. Whereupon the Wolf, surprised, called on the peaceful animals who were disturbed by the conflict to bear witness that he had been attacked by a neutral power and was fighting for his life.

Moral: When a Great Power resolves to gobble up a smaller one, it can always find an excuse which will satisfy itself, but not always one which will satisfy the rest of the world.

DON'TS

Don't trust too implicitly the war reports in the newspapers. The correspondents do the best they can. But, with cables cut, telegraph and railway lines choked by military traffic, all messages censored, and no correspondents allowed at the front, their best must often include unverified rumors and shrewd guesses.

Don't catch the war fever. You may be indignant, as we are, that Austria has dropped a lighted match in a powder factory. That is no reason for being indignant with your Austrian, Hungarian, or German neighbor. Exchange views with him, but do not try to convert him.

Don't imagine that distress in Europe spells prosperity in America. The war may stimulate a few businesses; it will paralyze some businesses; it will seriously handicap many businesses. Don't be surprised at a loss of dividends, a lessening of wages, a cessation of employment. Economize now. It is better to economize when you can than when you must.

Don't worry. Efficient measures are being taken for the rescue of Americans marooned in Europe. For them the worst is probably over. They will suffer inconveniences, but are not in peril. And the great issues of the war are too great for you to control. Do not try to carry Europe on your shoulders. You are not Hercules.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

There are people who think the Bible is an old-fashioned book; as a matter of fact, it is more modern than the morning newspaper. The newspaper, if intelligently edited, is up to date; the Bible is, and always has been, centuries ahead of date. The newspaper tells us what happened yesterday; the Bible tells us what is going to happen a thousand years hence. The newspaper gives us the incidents of the hour, the surface movements over the whole earth; the Bible opens the deeps of life and tells what the outcome of those events will be.

Is Napoleon III seated on a throne by violence and kept there by force and corruption until the world accepts him as having established a substantial authority? The Bible quietly announces his overthrow, and

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when the time is ripe he disappears like a dream of the night. He has violated the fundamental laws of life which the Bible defines, and sooner or later the judgment which the Bible predicts falls on him like a thunderbolt. Is some system of oppression and wrong-doing so old that it has become respectable and so intrenched that it seems a waste of energy to attack it? The Bible announced its fall two thousand years ago, and no force, ability, or interest can prevent its ultimate overthrow.

As time goes on, it becomes clear that political history is at bottom economic history, and economic history is moral history, and the Bible is the history of humanity written in advance; it is a text-book of the science of living because it is a revelation of life. Prophecy is not an arbitrary and magical foretelling of things which are to happen in the future; it is a clear, searching knowledge of the kind of seed that is being sown; in that knowledge lies infallible foresight of the harvest that will be reaped when the time is ripe. Human life is as completely under the control of law as are the forces of nature; there are no accidents in the sense of things that happen without adequate causes; given a knowledge of the principles and habits of a man in his youth, and, so far as his higher fortunes are concerned, the story of his later life can be told in advance.

To the thoughtful reader the deepest interest of the morning newspaper is its confirmation of the Bible. No sermons preached in pulpits are so convincing as the facts recited day after day by the newspapers. At the top of the first page of every newspaper the thoughtful reader sees these words written: "The wages of sin is death." Column after column confirms that terrible sentence by describing the manifold ways and instances of its execution. Murder is never accidental; occasionally a footpad or a burglar kills his victim; but men and women whose lives are clean and who are obeying the laws of life have little to fear. Murder, whether in France or America, is a sudden glare of lightning on a dishonored and dishonorable career; it is the culmination of corrupt relations, of dishonest deeds, of violated trusts; it is the harvesting of adultery, greed, perfidy. Every murder is an execution of the law of retribution in some form; even when the victim happens to be innocent he is involved in the coils of the sin of others.

The tragedies of sin which culminate in sudden death are almost numberless; but those that involve a lingering death are many more and are most terrifying. The newspapers are full of stories of the men and women who are dying and do not know it. In the execution of the unescapable laws of life the constable and prison are often in evidence, but they do not enforce the most terrible form of punishment; sudden death is startling, but it is not so dreadful as those lingering diseases of degeneration which destroy by slow and repulsive stages. The victim decays while he lives, and does not know that he is disintegrating. The wages of sin are paid to the uttermost farthing, and the offenders do not know that they are being impoverished in the view of the world.

The trials for murder are full of brutalities, but the divorce cases bring loathsome conditions to light; violations of honor, relations between men and women from which the spiritual has been wholly eliminated so that their relations become appalling profanations of human personality, vulgarities which are rendered more repulsive because they are unconscious. The revelations of the divorce courts are made by men and women who strip themselves bare in the presence of the world and do not know that they are naked. There is no death so terrible as a living death; and to lose the sense of purity, of honor, of spiritual integrity, and not know it, is a living death.

Whether by violence or by slow decay, the tragic fact is written every day across the first page of the daily newspaper, "The wages of sin is death."

CLASSICAL STUDIES

Elsewhere in this issue a group of college presidents and other educators discuss the value of classical studies. They present the evidence to our readers, who constitute a jury with extensive powers in the court of education.

We charge that jury that their responsibility to the pupils in the schools and colleges of this country is very great. And we ask each member of the jury, before coming to a decision which may greatly affect the future of some particular young man or woman, to consider the testimony of two distinguished and competent witnesses whom we here introduce.

The first is Lord Cromer. In a recently

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published essay on "The Future of the Classics" he speaks as follows:

Our young men and women will be, both morally and intellectually, the poorer if they listen to the insidious and deceptive voice of an exaggerated materialism which whispers that amidst the hum of modern machinery and the heated wrangles incident to the perplexing problems which arise as the world grows older, the knowledge of a language and a literature which have survived two thousand eight hundred storm-tossed years is "of no practical use."

The second witness upon whom we call is F. W. Bussell, fellow and tutor of Brasenose College, Oxford. In his volume on "The Constitutional History of the Roman Empire" he points out the practical benefits of classical reading in these words:

It seems clear that the prejudice against classical studies can only be justified in any degree when the acquaintance with a dead language in its minute structure is thought an end in itself, and no real attempt is made by its use to lay open its treasures or decipher the teaching of the past. In an age like the present, when concentrated and continuous reading is becoming obsolete, it is more than ever needful for the few who have the key and the leisure to turn it to unlock the door for the general benefit. I do not know any better remedy against the hasty opportunism of amateurs who know only the surface of their own age, and none of the hidden causes that have produced it, than acquaintance with the events and lessons of history.

We charge the jury that the real criminals are not the writers of the classics, but the teachers who destroy in their pupils even the latent germs of interest in classical literature by insisting that "an acquaintance with a dead language in its minute structure is an end in itself."

A PRIVATE GRIEF: A NATIONAL LOSS

The Nation shares with the President of the United States in the sorrow which has fallen upon him. To the burden of the Nation's life, increased by the burden of neighboring nations involved in a tragic war, a burden which comes upon the President to a degree in which it does not come upon any private citizen, is now added this deeper personal grief. How poignant this experience of personal sorrow is can hardly be realized except by those who have been so happy as to see the President in his home and know the singular beauty of that home life now broken in upon by death.

The wife of the President is in one sense a private citizen, but she also is in a sense the social head, as her husband is the political head, of the Nation. In the friendly, neighborly community which binds together the vast population between the Atlantic and the Pacific, the President is not only the official head of the Nation but he is a neighbor to the whole country, and the White House belongs to every village and hamlet on the continent. In this vast community, in which the universal sharing of duties and resources has created a family spirit, the family life in the home of an American President has come to have a representative and typical character, and the integrity and devotion which have marked that life for many generations have interpreted those ideals of domestic rectitude and loyalty that have made the home dear to Americans in all conditions, and have gone far to keep chivalry and gallantry under the same roof with the quiet work and prosaic duties of the home.

When sorrow comes into the home of the President, it is shared by the great neighborhood of the Nation, and the National interest in the event is as far removed from idle curiosity as the desire to give help and comfort in time of need is from intrusion upon the privacy of bereavement. Thus the whole country shares the sorrow which has come to President Wilson at a time when his strength is sorely taxed and he needs the help of a sustaining and comforting companionship.

In the most conspicuous position which a woman can hold in this country Mrs. Wilson nobly sustained those relations which have always been and always will be fundamental in the lives of women, and in her home the ideals of the family, in which not only the safety but the soul of society resides, were quietly but beautifully revealed to the Nation. She was one of those women who sweeten the life of a whole neighborhood. The graciousness and charm of her manner were rooted in the unselfishness of her spirit. It was characteristic of her that in her intervals of consciousness during her last hours her concern was for the betterment by Congressional action of the slums in Washington.

These qualities the country has known, but it has not known so well her fine intelligence, her breadth of intellectual interests, the intimacy and completeness of her fellowship with

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her husband, and it cannot measure the greatness of the loss he has sustained in his public as well as in his personal life. There was between them a partnership of intellectual as well as of personal fortune. Every wife of Mrs. Wilson's type shares her husband's labors and burdens, and she rightly shares the honors and influence which his ability and character have brought. She read widely, and was familiar not only with literature but with books of information of the hour and of current discussion. In her Mr. Wilson had the supreme good fortune of having a critic who was not only devoted but clear-minded and open-eyed; a wife whose love was nobly frank and truthful. In her literary feeling and judgment he found invaluable counsel and help; it is said that nothing for publication went from his hand until she had read it.

In the uproar of the appalling war which has shaken the world, the revelation of the family life at the White House is a ray of light, and the shadow that rests upon it makes its human sweetness the more appealing. In those last hours of faith, love, and remembrance of the needs of others, mortality was putting on immortality.

GERMANY INTERPRETED BY A GERMAN-AMERICAN

*The following article comes to us from the pen of an American citizen of German parentage. An alumnus of a well-known Eastern preparatory school and a distinguished graduate of Harvard University, the writer is as truly American in his sympathy and understanding as any editor of The Outlook. He is a man of large imagination and spiritual comprehension. His interpretation of the attitude of the rest of Europe toward Germany is one, we think, which will interest our readers as much as it has interested the staff of The Outlook. This partially humorous yet wholly serious article will explain to our readers many of the causes for the acknowledged unpopularity of Germany among its neighbor nations. His explanation is illuminating, the more so since it comes from one who is German by descent and German in his sympathies. Nevertheless, The Outlook still maintains that fire and steel are not the means wherewith to make old foes into new friends.—*THE EDITORS.

THERE are causes and causes behind the great war that is going on in Europe at this moment, and the catch-phrases the diplomatists toss hither and back—Slavic peril, Teuton arrogance, English greed—do not tell the whole story. Nor is it entirely safe to raise one's hand in holy horror at the awful effects of monarchism and to blame unreservedly the Kaiser for the cataclysm. There are causes less obvious, but no less real and scarcely less important.

One of these is the German's resentment against the unfriendly attitude his fellow-Europeans have held toward him for decades; an attitude originating in a feeling of social superiority and exhibiting itself in suspicion and mistrust. This attitude is prevalent in Europe. I am informed that it is not unknown in Asia. I know by personal experience that even here in America—years ago, perhaps, more than to-day—it has in its lighter phases been widespread. I myself was brought up in this country; and I shall not forget the scorn that was visited upon me because I was a "Dutchman" by blood. Like the Teuton that I was, I took those attacks very seriously and tried to explain, quite without comprehension of the comic values of the situation, that I was German and not Dutch. That made matters rather worse. I had friends of my own nationality, and I heard them scoffingly referred to as *Dutchmen*. I heard the butcher and grocer also called *Dutchman* in a tone of voice meant to reproach. We were all lumped together, fair game for all. I tried to forget all I knew of the German language, because it seemed to me to have some sort of shame connected with it; and only the heroic endeavors of my father and mother balked me in this. As I grew older and less obviously German in manner and mode of thought, I heard less of the taunt *Dutchman*, but became aware with a shock that a great many estimable people considered the German, on the whole, inferior socially to the Anglo-Saxon or Latin

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of the same group. It puzzled me, for instance, that a very noble-spirited friend of mine, an American of German parentage like myself, should have been shown the door by the father of his lady-love for no reason other than that he was a German. The father confessed to having a violent antipathy to Germans. It puzzled me also that friends of my own, New Englanders of great charm and culture, should speak of Germans in general with a sweeping contempt that was almost disgust. I went abroad. The French, I found, detested the Germans of course—remembering Sedan and a few other things, perhaps they had good reason; but the Italians disliked them also. The Germans had a way, it seemed, of invading a perfectly good landscape and spoiling it to the Italian eye. I met a physician and his wife who looked, acted, and spoke English like Germans, and I took it for granted that they were. But I was told indignantly that they were nothing of the kind. They were Dutch; and I was swiftly made aware of the fact that I had been disagreeable. I made the same mistake with an Austrian, and the Austrian, too, set me straight without mincing words. In Europe, as in America, I found that the people of other nations do not consider it quite good form to be a German. You may be an Italian or a Portuguese with impunity, but there is something a little off color in being a German. I resented this, and I believe that others of German blood have resented it before and since.

There are, of course, potent though superficial reasons for this general dislike of the German. The average German, whom the foreigner sees, is aggressive, self-assertive, loud in his manner and talk, inconsiderate, petty, pompous, dictatorial, without humor; in a word, bumptious. He has, in many cases, exceedingly bad table manners and an almost gross enjoyment of his food; and he talks about his ailments and his underwear. His attitude toward women, moreover, is likely to be over-gallant if he knows them a little and not too well, and discourteous or even insolent if he is married to them or does not know them at all. He is at his worst at the time when he is most on exhibition, when he is on his travels or helping other people to travel, as ticket-chopper or customs official. The average European, other than German, coming in contact, sometimes rather violently, with the German I have described, jumps to the conclusion that the bumptiousness and the occasional coarseness are the whole man, when they are actually only the veneer. Your scoffer, be he French, English, Italian, or American, does not, as a rule, have time to discover the calm-headedness behind the quick-tempered exterior, the incorruptible integrity, the loyalty to family, to a cause, or to an ideal, the tender-heartedness, the fine sentiment, the artistic sensibility. The foreigner sees the bad manners, and declares that the German is a boor and not to be reckoned among gentlemen.

The German has felt, not the contempt perhaps, but the suspiciousness, engendered by the misunderstanding. He has felt quite rightly that he has no friends beyond his borders. He has secured his place in the sun for himself, he has traded with the ends of the earth; but he has made no friends. He does not understand why this should be so; he himself is unconscious of the superficial faults which seem to be so annoying to others. He certainly does not realize that foreigners raise their eyebrows at the way he devours his meals. All that he knows is that he has no friends over the border, that his every move is watched with envy and mistrust, and that there is no one to take his part. The German has ever been honest and industrious, seeking to make his way by peaceful means; and he has been galled beyond endurance by an opposition which he did not guess was based largely on a flippant contempt for his table manners.

This conviction of his isolation among the peoples of Europe, gained from travel or business association, achieves in the eyes of the German possibly greater significance than it deserves because it appears as a corroboration of what he has learned at school. It is a frequently repeated fact that Germany is geographically so situated that she must look constantly to her own protection. She must have an army. To have an army she must stir up patriotism in the people. And so the German is taught (much as the American boy is taught that the British were all very, very bad in the Revolution and the Americans were all very, very noble and good) that the Russian is a wolf on the east and the Frenchman a fox on the west; and God knows the bugbear "perfidious Albion" is made out to be! From his earliest childhood the German is thus taught that he is surrounded by enemies. I remember once arguing at a dinner-table on the bank of the Rhine that there really did not seem to be great useful-

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ness in keeping alive the old anger against the French. "Oh!" cried a dear lady of sixty-odd, flushed with indignation; "but the French are our natural enemies!"

This war, then, is, I believe, not the cold piece of diplomatic jobbery on the part of the Kaiser and his advisers that the American papers assert it to be. The discrimination, therefore, between the German Government and the German people which the New York "Evening Post," for instance, has made in an editorial entirely sympathetic with the aims and ideals of the latter does not seem to me quite valid. The Kaiser, moreover, is not quite as mediæval as he sounds. During the succession of war scares which the past decade has produced he has had the opportunity of finding out whether or not his people stood behind him. I was in Germany during the crisis in August, 1911. My brothers and cousins who were in the German army and navy had their marching orders in their pockets. None of them wanted to go to war, but all felt that war was inevitable sooner or later. A civilian with whom I discussed the situation, a man who happened to be a member of the Prussian Landtag, was bitter against the Kaiser, not at all because he thought the Kaiser was rushing into war, but, on the contrary, because he seemed to the speaker to be ruining Germany's prestige right and left by swallowing insult after insult from France and England. I found this point of view supported on many sides. The feeling against France and England was so intense that I felt it must be absurdly, blindly unjust. I went to England shortly after, with my sympathies, on the whole, inclining toward the English side. Three little incidents in quick succession showed me that the feeling of the Germans that England was bitterly hostile to them was not without foundation. In a street in Kensington I heard one laborer who was passing say bitterly to another: "I hope we go an' wring the bloomin' livers out o' the damned Dutchmen!" A few days later a German merchant who had lived and worked in London for forty years took me through his club in the city. "We Germans are not very popular in this club," he said. "If things get any worse between the nations, I shall have to resign. The English resent the acceleration of business methods which Germans have made necessary by their competition. The English like to do business leisurely. But the efficiency of the German traders the world over has forced them to realize that they must either bestir themselves mightily or drop hopelessly behind." This attitude is not inconsistent with what other nations have discovered concerning the English. They are, on the whole, not very good sportsmen.

The third incident happened at a dinner party at Queen's Gate. I had happened to mention that I thought it too bad that the Germans allowed themselves to work up such a war scare about England. In his reply my host did not let the fact that I was German by blood interfere in the least with the expression of his views. With flushed face and bitter words, he blamed all his troubles and all the troubles of England on Germany, and especially on Germany's navy. He could not see at all that Germany had a right to build ships for her own protection and for the protection of her growing colonies. His bitterness was that of the man who sees himself being beaten in a fair game and is losing his nerve.

Politically, Germany was isolated by Edward VII, but socially the German people have always been isolated. And the *furor teutonicus*, to which Dr. Ernst Richard refers in a recent number of The Outlook, is aflame in them now, rightly or wrongly, because they feel that they are fighting men who wish them ill, and fighting for their existence. "Though devils should rise against us on all sides," cried the Imperial Chancellor in a recent speech, "still we should fight to the end!" That is the feeling of the German: "There are devils on all sides. Sooner or later they must be downed. To-day is as good as to-morrow. Rather better, in fact. So to-day be it!"

The *Dutchman's* back is against the wall, just as it used to be in my boyhood days in Brooklyn years ago in snow-time when the taunting Anglo-Saxons were after him.

This interpretation of Germany's view by an American of German parentage will be followed in the next issue of The Outlook by an article written expressly for The Outlook by the Austrian Ambassador to the United States, Constantin Theodor Dumba, setting forth Austria's view of her relations with Servia and her declaration of war.—THE EDITORS.

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THE CLASSICS AND A "BAD EDUCATION"

WHAT COLLEGE PRESIDENTS AND OTHER LEADING EDUCATORS THINK

This installment of letters called forth by Mr. Hall's article "Why I Have a Bad Education" is confined to men who speak with the authority of the educational institutions they represent. As will be seen both in the content and the source of these letters, they represent views as varied in interest, if not as divergent, as any which we have hitherto presented for the attention of our readers.—THE EDITORS.

A CLASSICAL FOUNDATION

IT is with feelings of gratitude that I recall the day of classical study with its rigorous discipline. The most of my preparation for my life-work was with mathematics, Greek, and Latin, and, although I fear that I could not place an algebraic equation upon the board or conjugate a Greek verb or give correctly the declension of a Latin noun, yet I am confident that the result of that study has been appreciable through all these years, and that nothing could have given me equal mental discipline and power.

The object in those days was the making of a man. That was thought to be sufficiently practical. We now discuss education from the standpoint of a living. Vocational training is lauded to first place, and the classics are relegated to the scrap-heap because they do not teach a man how to run machines and use edged tools. The making of the man seems to be entirely overlooked.

Without pessimism, it is a plain case that we are not turning out of elective courses and by lecture methods the vigorous thinkers, the statesmanlike debaters, of a generation ago. It is not because the time has not been long enough. It is forty years since the modern fashion of electives fell like a blight upon the New England colleges. All these years experimental substitutions have been made. Hours have measured the curricula, and hours of some thing or many things have been the highway to graduation.

It is not because memory's geese are swans that we turn our thought to the mighty men of New England, notably of Maine—men who came from little New England colleges to control and direct the worthy thought of Congress. The very atmosphere was culturing even to those who had not the privilege of a college education.

As a time-saver and as a sure road to the topmost round of all things that require strong, critical, and clear thinking, I would urge the patient and untiring study of the Greek and Latin languages. This is not the only road, but it is the best one.

JAMES R. DAY,
Chancellor of Syracuse University.

PROCRUSTEAN SYSTEMS

Mr. Hall's argument is an attack upon a system. Against a system his argument is valid. Greek and Latin are the poor innocents forced now into identity with a system already generally discarded.

When we discarded the heliocentric system of the universe, we did not discard the solar system. The earth to-day, regarded as only one of a number of planets revolving around the sun, is quite as important as it ever was. It has assumed new relations, new adjustments, and new meanings. It has not lost anything except a false position in a splendid universe. This loss is its immense gain.

That people and circumstances once made an educational system in which Greek and Latin were the centers proves nothing except that at the time this may have been the best possible thing to do. That some people now want to continue this system indefinitely proves nothing except that they are misguided, or lack vision of the growing significance of other things. That some people were educated a score of years ago under the Greek-Latin theory of education, and now realize that they are without knowledge of several important subjects, proves nothing except that there is a new order of things, and that the system of education they complain of would now for them be a mistake. They were born too soon; or they were born in the wrong place.

Any particular subject—mathematics, zoology, any of the physical sciences or the social sciences—would be quite as bad if used as an educational center as Greek and Latin. The new center is individual aptitude and

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need; or, more concretely, the individual himself.

Because there have been stupid teachers and stupid pupils and stupid systems that have created maladjustments, and have made the world hold to them regardless of expanding knowledge, is no reason for driving the classics out of the temple of life with scourges. Drive out the workers of educational iniquity. Let us with judgment hold to the good, and at the same time work to supply present-day needs.

The educational system should include opportunity for many things; but it must never again revolve around any one subject, or any one group of subjects. It must revolve around man himself. When we realize this, then Greek and geology, the social sciences, and all the rest will take, I trust, their proper places in our educational system.

J. H. T. Main,
President of Grinnell College.

THE OBJECT OF AN EDUCATION

The discussion of the relative value of classical and scientific studies has little significance unless some common point of view as to the purpose of the college can be agreed upon.

The question must start with another question, What ought the college to do for the youth?

We have a right, I believe, to demand three fundamental things of the college: It should wake up the student's mind and teach him to think; it should teach him self-discipline; it should interest him in the problems and relations of the social order in which he lives.

What studies will accomplish these fundamental purposes?

There are no specifics. Human beings acquire the ability to think, self-discipline, and human interest rather from the way in which a study is taught than from any specific virtue in the subject. There is nothing in chemistry *per se* to serve all these objects any more than there is in Latin. Greek in the hands of one man may minister to all of these, while biology or political science in the hands of another teacher may run to dry rot.

The old hard-and-fast classical course was too narrow. It offered the same bill of fare to every student, and to many minds such fare was ill suited.

We have now gone to the other extreme. We have substituted for a narrow but intensive and disciplinary training one which may be broader but more shallow.

It is more profitable to study well a few things than to study many things superficially. The college has done well to broaden its curriculum. It needs, however, to turn once more to the ideals of sincerity, simplicity, and thoroughness; to consider no subject which it has the means to teach as tabooed, but to offer only those which are taught with spirit and understanding. If the youth enters such a college under such teaching, the particular subjects he studies are relatively unimportant.

Henry S. Pritchett,
President of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching.

THE NEED OF ORGANIZED TEACHING

Mr. Hall's able article is its own refutation in so far as he himself is concerned. He proves and illustrates the worth of the education he seeks to condemn by the clearness and force with which he presents his argument, by the richness of his vocabulary and the excellence of his style, by his fine sense of proportion and fitness, by his grasp of the fundamental problems of our time and his clear insight of what must be done to meet them, and, above all, by his keen feeling of the insufficiency of his present attainments.

Nevertheless, I am in sympathy with his protest, since I believe that a better method can be worked out. It must be possible to educate a man by means of natural and physical science, economics, philosophy, and history, no less than by the traditional subjects. Our boys have a right to the kind of education Mr. Hall regrets that he did not have, but we do not yet know how to give it to them. The subjects more nearly related to the life of the present have not been organized and standardized in educational procedure. We have neither the books, nor the teachers, nor the definitions of subject and method. For example, the new Amherst freshman course in social and economic institutions may prove to be the equivalent of Livy or trigonometry, but, if so, it will be by virtue of the original effort of some great teacher especially chosen for the purpose. Where one man can be found for that task, a thousand can be obtained to teach Horace decently well. Every one knows that a boy who has passed analytical geometry in a respectable college has made a certain intel-

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lectual attainment, but no one knows what his credit in sociology or the history of art may mean. It may signify something worth more to him than all the mathematics and Greek that most of us ever studied meant to us, and it may have been the veriest twaddle.

But things are not so bad as Mr. Hall fears. The newer branches are being rapidly organized and methods are now improving. It is now generally admitted that no type of education is best for all. Undoubtedly hundreds of youth have been marked for failure because they were held to languages when the Almighty made them for biology or machinery, but the number is growing fewer every year. What we need is some better indication of the need of a scientific education than the inability to do hard things, and then the organization of that education until it equals in thoroughness and logical development the proved excellence of the older type.

JOHN M. THOMAS,
President of Middlebury College.

CORRELATING THE CLASSICS

The test which opponents of the classical education rightly apply is a practical one. Except to a small circle of readers, it is of no use nowadays to talk as Matthew Arnold did, showing the connection of Hellenism with Sweetness and Light, or to mention the Emersons and Nortons and their respect for the art and philosophy of the ancients, or to bring out English statesmen from the recesses of the Victorian period and place a star opposite their names amid the "double firsts" at the universities. To-day most Americans are seeking what will make them better business men, or constructive statesmen, or active reformers. With this end in view, one is tempted to suggest several more reasons, besides the few given by Dr. Hall, why Greek and Latin are of value, studied as living languages and not merely through the medium of translations.

First, the student of Greek or Latin prose composition gains an inestimable understanding of clear and forceful English. In these languages no "prancing" on the part of the writer will go unchallenged. No student can string together words without ideas to correspond if he has had his exercises in these supposed dead languages picked to pieces by a strict and sympathetic teacher. The business man with such a training will write a letter using no more words than the thought requires; the lawyer will avoid the strained synonyms which tempt the neophyte into wordy phraseology; and the literary man will leave aside the mystifying language which only a Carlyle or a Henry James can handle with effect.

Most of the trouble comes from the fashion in which the classics are now taught. Stuff your boy with mere syntax, groom him for an examination as if it were the ultimate goal, make the subject-matter nothing but past history, and correlate his work with no other branch of learning: then you silence the real message of Homer and Virgil.

But from what one sees and reads, a reaction is setting in. The reorganization of the Department of Comparative Literature at Harvard is the result of recognizing the fact that the classics of ancient days must go hand in hand with the classics of modern languages. Fifteen years ago—and these words come from experience—the study of the relations of Latin to English literature was regarded as heretical in American universities. Engineering schools are now recommending, if not enforcing, some acquaintance with Latin.

For the budding lawyer let Cicero be seasoned with simple selections from Roman law; for the young captain of industry, Roman history, and especially Roman public life as seen in that wonderful volume of A. H. J. Greenidge's, will be highly appropriate; for the boy or girl who loves French drama work in Terence and Seneca will make an attractive field still more bewitching.

In short, the books and sayings of most great thinkers are full of reminiscences of the classics. We must therefore acknowledge our debt to ancient art and philosophy, to Roman history, law, and archæology, and to a spacious poetry which avoids Cubist eccentricities and decadence. Let us acknowledge the indebtedness, and incur still more!

PROFESSOR RICHARD MOTT GUMMERE.
Haverford College.

A PLEA FOR BACKGROUND AND BALANCE

The logical conclusion of Mr. Hall's reasoning is that specialization needs no cultural background. If Latin and Greek are to go at the behest of Mr. Hall, many other subjects necessary to a cultural background will have to go, and nobody knows just when or where the elimination would stop.

I understand that Mr. Hall can say that,

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after all, he proposes merely to make the "study of the remote past" an elective instead of a compulsion. But surely Mr. Hall knows that the set of educational thinking to-day is away from the complete freedom of election, which has turned many a good college into a kind of make-believe university on the theory that every student should have a chance to choose for himself, and that every college in consequence should provide what only a great university and technical schools can offer. No one can have a higher admiration than I for the college freshman or even the indoctrinated college sophomore; but my own experience leads me to believe that even from the sublime heights of sophomoric erudition there is still need of the suggestion of the way.

LYMAN P. POWELL,
President of Hobart College.

Geneva, New York.

MEN, NOT METHODS

While my own work has been in a different field, it has been my fortune for forty years to live in close contact with teachers and students of the classics. I have known honest, earnest, and in many respects able men to whom the classic texts were but means for unceasing drill in grammar, syntax, and etymology; if they awakened any appreciation of the beauty and meaning of the texts discussed, it was unconsciously done; and I have seen young men of alert and open minds go out from under their instruction tired of the very name of the classics. I have known others to whom the same texts were first and always portions of the literature of two great peoples; under their teaching I have seen aimless and indifferent young men awakened, stimulated, and inspired with love of these literatures and (which is more important) with love of literature in general. I hasten to add that I have seen similar results from wise and enthusiastic teaching of other literatures, of history, of mathematics, and of the sciences; with corresponding dismal failures by teachers of the other class. Whether such results could be obtained by means of college courses in the best translations is perhaps an open question.

Mr. Hall, with characteristic frankness, confesses that he found Greek literature expressive and beautiful; and that as a youngster he well enjoyed his Iliad, and still admires Plato's story of the death of Socrates. He does not read them now; but have they left no impression upon him? I have known many men who could make a similar confession; and I fancy that I can see in most of them something that might not have been there had they never known Homer or Plato.

PROFESSOR ALBERT H. TUTTLE.
University of Virginia.

THE JUDGMENT OF EXPERIENCE

Nothing is easier than to make complaint against the classics, or indeed against any disciplinary study. Similar complaints in abundance are made against the study of mathematics, and physics, and logic, and even against the study of the modern languages. The question whether the study of the classics is intrinsically good is one to be settled by experts, and the testimony of the greatest experts is that the classics form one of the finest intellectual disciplines known in the history of education. On no other supposition is it possible to explain the cold, hard fact that students taking classics are on the whole intellectually superior to the others. It makes no difference whether this is attributed to custom or not, because the fact that it is the custom for the more intelligent students to study classics is merely an argument in favor of the classics.

The one serious complaint which deserves the strictest attention is that the classics are often poorly taught. So they are, and so are many other studies—many of them worse taught than the classics. The remedy is not to abolish the study, but to improve the teaching. The argument that because the classics are sometimes badly taught they are to be discarded is about as sensible as the conclusion that a violin is not a good musical instrument because it is sometimes badly played.

ANDREW F. WEST,
Dean of the Princeton Graduate College.

THE CLASSICS AND SCIENTIFIC TRAINING

To my mind, it is ridiculous to suppose that any one scheme of education can suit the wants of all. I have in mind the Dean of the College of Engineering of a certain university who is coming year by year more and more to the opinion that a heavy dose of the classics, and particularly Greek, should be required for entrance into all engineering schools. While I believe in breadth of education, whether it is for engineering or any other profession, I am not prepared to follow my

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friend the Dean to this extent, for I know that it would definitely debar many men naturally qualified to render efficient service as engineers and engineer citizens. There should be breadth of training for engineering studies, but not necessarily along any one given line. I have in mind two boys who were schoolmates of mine in my father's classical school. The elder was rapidly acquiring a reputation for being deficient as compared with his younger brother, who had a natural facility in Latin and Greek, when my father suggested that he prepare for an engineering course. This was in the early days of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. This elder brother acted on this advice, went through the Institute and became a mining engineer and metallurgist of international reputation.

ALEXANDER C. HUMPHREYS,
President Stevens Institute of Technology.

DEAD LANGUAGES A LIVE QUESTION

I had supposed that the day of heated discussion of the question of the value of the classics had passed, with the recent tendency on the part of the classicists to recognize that it is foolish to appear as fetish-worshipers in defense of their favorite studies. Either the study of ancient language and literature is an effective means of education or it is a waste of time; and it would seem to be possible to investigate that question with the coolness of the scientific temper, even if it may be difficult for advocates pro and con to recognize that the question is not one-sided.

We have become so accustomed to an eager expectancy of mind with reference to the next new discovery in science or the next bewildering development of the application of scientific knowledge to the needs or desires of modern life, that the man who turns his thought backward to the past, out of which we and our institutions have sprung, is oftentimes regarded as a hopeless reactionary.

This always surprises me the more because the greatest advance that has been made in modern science resulted from Darwin's epoch-making study of origins; and the method by which every scientist prosecutes his search for truth begins with a study of the history of the problem which he has in hand, and of all prior investigations which may bear upon that problem. This remark does not bear immediately upon Mr. Hall's challenge of the worth of classical studies for students in schools and colleges. It has been elicited by the echo which his article brings to my mind from the manifold voices of eager impatience with the consideration of the past and its experiences at the expense of time and thought which might be given to the consideration of the alluring and bewildering present.

With reference to Mr. Hall's preference for education by means of the study of strictly modern science, literature, economics, sociology, I, for my own part, believe that these matters are too complex and in too fluid a condition of development to furnish suitable material for that maturing of mind and training in exactness and clearness in intellectual procedure without which intelligent dealing with these complex aspects of contemporary life cannot be hoped for.

It is a common remark that the student has pursued his high school course in physics with a prime regard for the gratification of his intellectual curiosity, and that when it comes to the pursuit of more exacting study and the solution of the more complex problems of physical science the student's mind has gone stale because of his immaturity of mind at the time of his initial study of the science. I am far from claiming that our young people ought to require so many years of preliminary discipline for the acquisition of that maturity of mind which is required for effective pursuit of the study of the modern world. I will simply claim that, so far as our experience has yet gone, we have not discovered a means for the development of intellectual maturity comparable with the study of Latin and Greek.

RUSH RHEES,
President of the University of Rochester.

TESTIMONY FROM PERSONAL EXPERIENCE

I studied Latin seven years in school and in college, and Greek five years.

For several years after my graduation I taught both Latin and Greek in a preparatory school with a reasonable degrees of success. A little later I had the freshmen in Greek in a small Western college for two or three successive years.

All this, however, came to an end in 1882. Since that time my work has been in mathematics, followed by a period whose occupations have consisted in one thing after another, which is commonly called administra-

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tive work. I do not remember that I have ever in my whole life read a Latin or a Greek book for pleasure, or from any other motive than a sense of duty. I have known two persons who seemed to get a real pleasure out of their knowledge of the classics. I have envied them—I envy them now—and I have always been a little ashamed of my own attitude towards these languages. I know very well that I cannot read a page in Latin or Greek without constant use of the lexicon.

I believe in the usefulness of Latin, with a good many reservations, to be sure, but to an extent reaching beyond the limitations which Mr. Hall approves. I think the Latin to be of far more importance when one studies a Romance language than Mr. Hall would admit. For example, as these letters seem to be personal confessions, I studied French one year in college, and since that time I have read French with some freedom and occasionally with great pleasure. Again, I feel very sure that it is only through Latin that most young people can get a really satisfactory comprehension of the principles of grammar—if there are any principles in it.

I do not believe that any one study offers an intellectual drill superior to that provided by any other study if pursued with equal earnestness and concentration. But one must consider in any scheme of education the characteristics and intellectual status of pupils as they grow from childhood into young manhood and womanhood. There are many most useful studies which are beyond the capacity of a boy or girl of from eleven to fifteen years. I think that a great deal of the science study in schools is so simplified in order to bring it within the range of young people as to make it rather worse than useless. This applies particularly to physics. In general, the elementary study of Latin has always seemed to me particularly adapted to the mind of youth. My own idea is that boys and girls will get more benefit from two or three years' study of Latin than from this same amount of time devoted to many other studies which are offered in the place of Latin. And I feel further that an exceptional student with a turn for that sort of thing would do well to study a classic tongue for a good deal more than three years.

I cannot say that it did me very much good, but it seems to me that I have observed valuable results of classic study in the English style and the mental attitude of a great many of the thousands of young men who have passed under my eye during a long experience in school and in college work.

F. S. LUTHER,
President of Trinity College.

TRANSIENT KNOWLEDGE AND PERMANENT EDUCATION

The aim of classical study is not the hedonistic aim. Few living men ever use in after life the studies to which they devoted their years in school or college. That is as true of science as of classical literature. Once upon a time I studied astronomy and could calculate an eclipse. Now I have forgotten every formula in trigonometry, and can calculate nothing. Once I gazed day after day through the microscope in a botanical laboratory. That knowledge has vanished forever. Once I passed a fine examination—*me judice*—in chemistry. To-day not a formula remains in memory. But the glimpse into nature's laws, processes, methods, and meanings constitutes a priceless possession. That abides, though every fact depart.

The chief need of American education is background. We are swept away by a desperate desire for modernity. "The onsurge of the last thirty years," "contemporaneous social knowledge," "contemporaneous European newspapers"—such phrases color all Mr. Hall's article. The worship of the contemporaneous, which is really the extemporaneous, means loss of all perspective, disregard of history, callow judgments, superficial reforms, and ready acceptance of panaceas.

Greek undoubtedly has passed into the position of Hebrew—the delight of the chosen few. But the message of Greek civilization must be interpreted afresh to each generation, or the world will be set back a thousand years. Latin still constitutes the most thoroughly ordered and synthesized body of knowledge in the modern world, and hence the best of all known studies for building an ordered mind.

Neither Latin nor Greek will save us. Taught in wooden fashion, they have hurt us. Treated as mere discipline, they have wrought their own nemesis. But those studies—or others devoted to the interpretation of great thinking into modern speech and action—at least will save us from education given solely by short stories and moving pictures, and from the naïve conviction that our own age is the only one worth knowing.

W. H. P. FAUNCE,
President of Brown University.

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TEACHING BY THE MOVIES

THE USES OF MOTION PICTURES IN EDUCATION AND AN INTERVIEW WITH THEIR PERFECTER, THOMAS A. EDISON

BY GREGORY MASON

A SCHOOLMA'AM in a little country school in the Middle West caught one of her pupils puffing on a cigarette behind his desk one afternoon, and, thinking the occasion an auspicious one for the delivery of a pointed lecture on the harmful effects of tobacco in particular and drugs in general, she called all her charges before her.

"Children," she began, "I've just found Brad Jones smoking right here in the schoolroom. Now, you must know that children who begin to smoke soon get the habit, and it is an easy thing for people who are addicted to one drug to become slaves to other and more harmful drugs—like opium, for instance. Do you children know what opium is?"

"Yes, teacher, I know all about it," volunteered a little tot whose head hardly came above the top of her desk.

"What! you know about opium, Jennie?" said the horrified instructor. "How do *you* know anything about it?"

"Please, teacher, I've seen them make it in the movies. It grows in poppies, and it's lots of fun to see Chinamen smoke it."

When the teacher went home that afternoon, she was thinking of diminutive Jennie's remark, and she decided that, as a factor in education, the moving picture had almost unlimited possibilities. The next year this teacher was called to a school in a large city, and, through the kindness of a philanthropist, she was able to install in her class-room a small cinematograph. She believed that in so doing she was the first to use the "movies" as an aid to education, but she afterwards learned that this had already been done in a few other schools in the United States and Europe.

To-day, in a hundred ways, the motion picture is utilized for educational purposes in the United States and abroad. Of course many pictures not primarily educational, like some of the "travel" films shown in the ordinary picture theaters, and like some of the pictures shown for advertising purposes by industrial corporations, are responsible for the dissemination of a good deal of useful knowledge, but only in a casual way. Every month, however—in fact, every day—the picture that moves is being more and more widely used to serve the ends of education alone.

Not long ago an English rowing coach had his eight-oared crew photographed in action, and when the pictures had been developed he threw them onto a screen and the men saw themselves swaying back and forth in the frail shell—saw which of them were out of time, which were slow on the recovery or too quick on the slides; in short, were made to realize their faults as they could never have been made to realize them by mirrors, still photographs, or any amount of megaphoned comment from the coaching launch.

In Vienna and Düsseldorf the city authorities with movies teach the citizens the proper method of getting on and off street cars, and in this country a year ago a group of manufacturers equipped the "Industrial Betterment Special," a railway train, including lecture cars and a moving-picture theater on wheels, in which thousands of industrial workers saw films that taught them how to avoid accidents in their daily work and how to care for the machinery which they operated.

The United States Department of Agriculture has for some time used moving pictures with good results. The Department is now fitting up special cars to go over the country showing in particular districts the sort of pictures that are of especial interest there. Thus, in the wheat country, the farmer may gaze at films that will show him the growth of wheat all the way from the planting of the seed through the growth of roots and stalk to the harvesting, and the proper method of shipping after the crop has been harvested. Formerly weeks and even months were necessary for the Department to show the farmer in its experimental stations what it can now show him in twenty minutes with the movies. Whenever one of these "Rubes' Theaters," as the demonstrating cars have been nicknamed, is in a poultry region, the evening's entertainment consists of views of the best ways of raising hens, of packing and storing eggs, or of the best markets and the best routes to them.

The other departments of the Govern-

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ment are now falling in line with the Department of Agriculture. The Departments of Commerce, of the Interior, of the Navy, and others are preparing or planning to prepare films in order that the public may not only share in the vast amount of useful information which Government experts have collected, but that it may know what the Government is doing with the people's money. Soon citizens can see how the National forests are preserved, how money is coined, how young lobsters are raised in the fisheries, how seals are protected in Alaskan waters by revenue cutters, and what goes on from engine-room to bridge when a big battle-ship unlimbers for action.

Hospitals and boards of health are using moving pictures to throw light on the nature, prevention, and cure of disease; and surgeons are illustrating their lectures before audiences of laymen or of savants with cinematographic views of themselves performing operations. Dr. Alexis Carrel, of the Rockefeller Institute, and Dr. Doyen, of Paris, are among the more prominent members of the profession who have used this method of spreading information concerning some of the unusual feats of surgery which they have performed. Nervous diseases, which are usually characterized by quick movements, are easily shown on the screen, and when the X-ray is combined with the cinematograph, moving photographs of the stomach in process of digestion or of the palpitating heart may be secured. The newspapers have reported an interesting use of moving pictures by Professor Hugo Münsterberg, of Harvard University, to test the adaptability of young men for the chauffeur's profession. The applicant is seated in an automobile so arranged that the engine will work without moving the car, then the picture of a child crossing a country road is flashed on a screen directly before the car and the young man's psychological reactions are closely noted by the instructor in charge of the examination. If the candidate flinches, he is dismissed; if he coolly reaches for the proper appliances and "stops" the car, he is considered qualified to drive an automobile, so far as "nerve" is concerned.

Welfare organizations and civic bodies have found the motion picture an invaluable ally. Part of the plans of the authorities of Spokane, Washington, for a civic cleaning up included the showing of moving pictures on methods of city cleaning and beautifying to several thousand school-children, and somewhat similar pictures have been used advantageously in Ohio on the subject of Neighborhood Welfare Work. The Public Health Service of the United States boasts of a film a mile long, which drives home upon those who see it the conviction of the necessity of the observance of the simple rules of public hygiene by all citizens. The Rockefelier hookworm photographs, which are to be shown at the San Francisco Exposition, will afterwards be exhibited in the Southern States, where the hookworm does its deadly work, and where the greatest ally the creature has is ignorance on the part of the people. Even the American Bankers' Association has made use of the movies, and its film, "The Reward of Thrift," which teaches the advantages of economy, has had a wide circulation. The State Reformatory for Women at Bedford, New York, makes frequent use of films that carry a strong moral lesson, such as "Les Misérables," and in eight Minnesota institutions movies are used to strengthen and redeem the weak and wicked inmates. In some of the insane asylums of Wisconsin and of a few other States the same thing is done.

To the churches the movies have been a blessing. A church in Newark, New Jersey, which had been hard hit by the encroachments of business houses in the parochial neighborhood and by the competition of various modern seductive forces, including, in fact, the motion-picture theater, won back its wayward members and took on a new lease of life by showing for six successive Sunday nights moving photographs of religious subjects. Other churches have been doing likewise, and recently, in both Philadelphia and New York, bureaus have been organized to supply educational and religious films to the Protestant churches of the two cities, for the commercial distributers have only a very limited supply of such films. An organization of Catholics, with headquarters at Huntington, Illinois, has recently been formed to perform the same service for the Catholic churches and parochial schools.

When it comes to the use of moving pictures as an integral part of the curricula of the schools, colleges, and educational boards of the country, we find an extremely chaotic condition. Thousands of schools and colleges are using the cinematograph to teach, but for the most part they are going ahead blindly and alone. The result is that the demand for educational films is unorganized,

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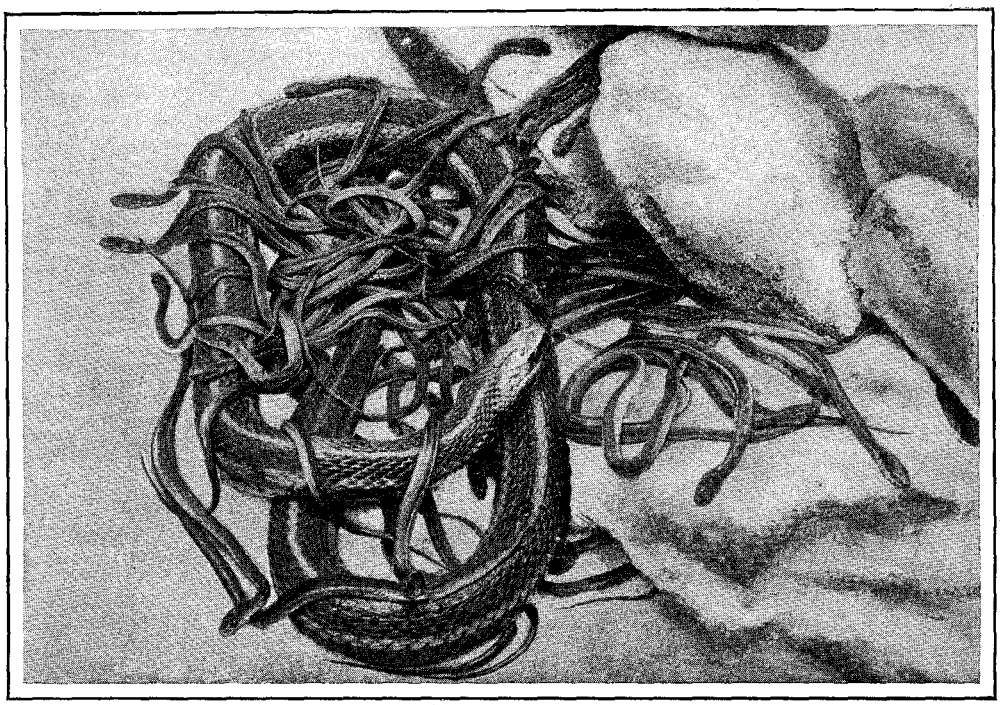
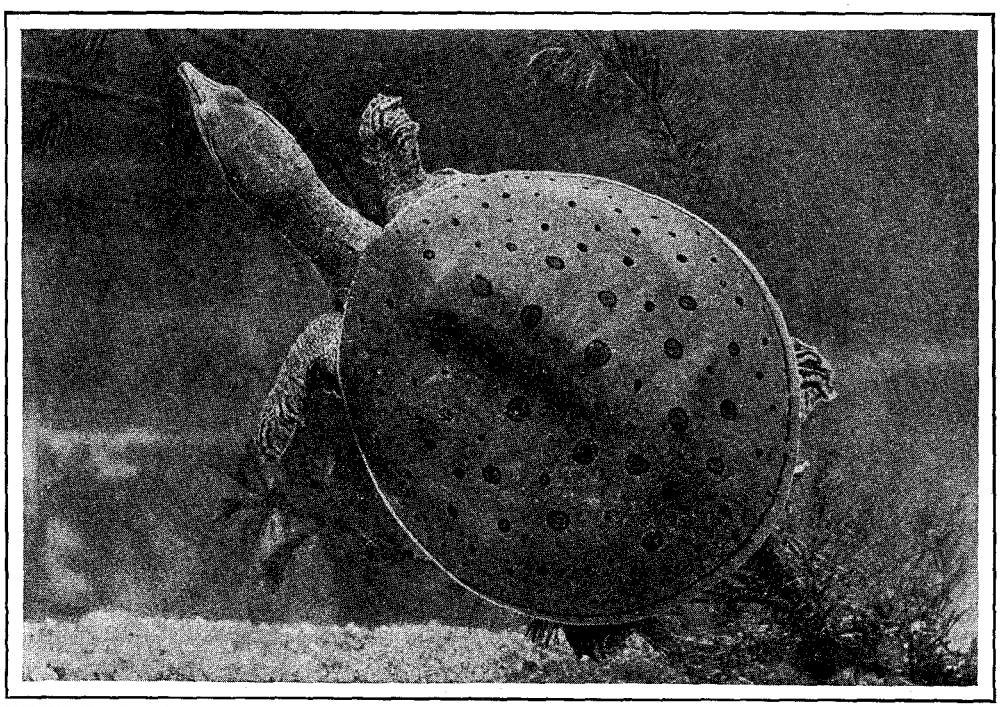


COURTESY OF RAYMOND L. DITMARS

A GARTER SNAKE AND HER FAMILY



COURTESY OF RAYMOND L. DITMARS

SWIMMING MOVEMENTS OF THE SOFT-SHELLED TURTLE

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PHOTOGRAPH BY HEPWORTH AMERICAN FILM CORPORATION

SCENE FROM "THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD"

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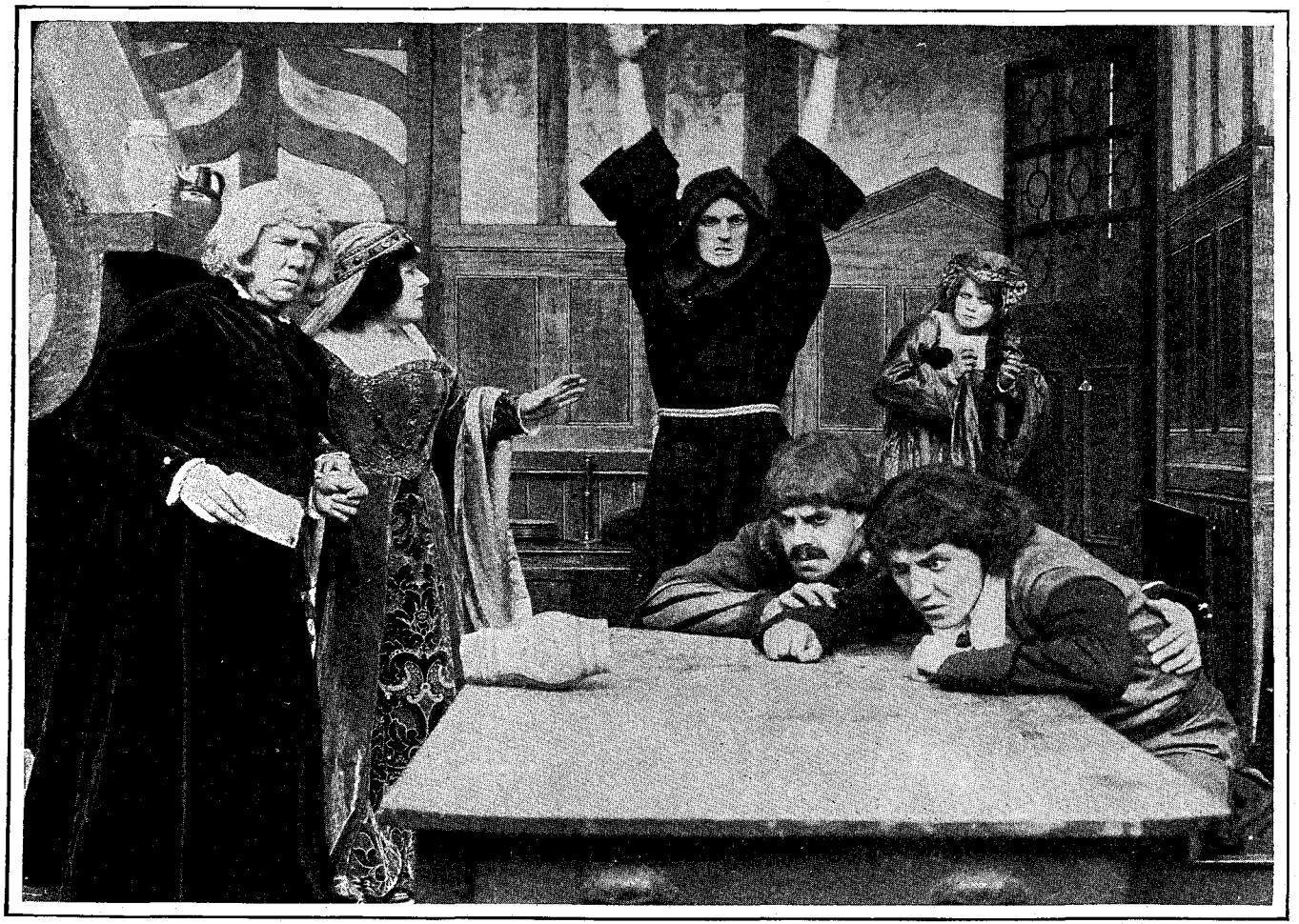

PHOTOGRAPH BY HEPWORTH AMERICAN FILM CORPORATION

GERARD DENOUNCING HIS BROTHERS. FROM CHARLES READE'S "THE CLOISTER AND THE HEARTH"

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fluctuating, and sporadic, and as yet but few manufacturers consider it worth while to turn out reels directly aimed to meet class-room needs. At present, when a school-teacher wants a film he often has to take something that has been produced partly with an eye to its production in a theater—that is, something in which the didactic element is subordinated to a heart interest or a chain of thrills.

The purely educational possibilities of moving pictures, however, are enormous, and it is only a question of time when they will be fully realized. Most knowledge of importance is knowledge that can be gained through the eyes. The preference of a child for the picture book rather than for the printed page is evidence of the general preference humanity has for using the eyesight rather than the imagination or the reasoning faculty. The most convincing answer to the question, "How do you know?" is, "Because I saw."

The camera is a useful adjunct in teaching any branch of learning. The student of English literature may see his favorite characters in fiction lifelike before him—John Silver humping along on his crutch leading his piratical crew on a gold hunt over the hills of Treasure Island, or Mowgli bringing the skin of the tiger to the wolf council; the lover of flowers may see them opening before his eyes on their stalks; the naturalist may watch the butterfly bursting from its cocoon, or, when the cinematograph has been reinforced by a microscope, he may almost count the grains of dust on the insect's wing. The pupil of history may see the minute-men driving back the British at Bunker Hill, the French crumpling under the hail of English shafts at Agincourt, or Hannibal's army driving down the Alpine slope towards Rome; while the physicist, by a comparatively recent perfection of the motion camera, may follow the flight of a bullet through the air.

Thomas A. Edison, the mechanical wizard of the century, who perfected the movies for humanity, is a strong believer in the visual method of getting wisdom. In his dark, high-ceilinged study at West Orange, New Jersey, which is lined with books and the busts of great scientists, he told the writer some of his hopes for the future of the moving picture that teaches.

"Some day our school-children will be getting far more knowledge from moving pictures than from books and lectures," said the grizzled inventor, as he pivoted his chair in order to rest his feet on a table behind his desk, while his strong, benign face assumed that expression of pure boyish happiness that it wears whenever he speaks of his hobbies.

"A child is given a set of hieroglyphics to learn, and when it has done that it learns that groups of hieroglyphics have meanings of their own; they connote objects in the world about the child. That is the alphabet and printed words. But the child has no palpable facts, nothing for its imagination to work on.

"Give the child objects, something that can be visualized, let it see with its own eyes, and it is astounding how rapidly that child will learn.

"For instance, I defy any one by means of books alone to give a child of twelve an understanding of how an ordinary electric motor works, but with moving pictures I can give nine children out of ten at this age a complete comprehension of the problem.

"First, I would show the details separately, as we do in all our pictures of mechanical subjects. When the child had got these fixed in his mind, I would show him a photograph of the whole machine at work, and he would know more about it than a good many adults who had studied the machine in books or used it without taking it apart. As an aid to education moving pictures can do more than any of the usual agencies, books, magazines, newspapers, and talk.

"In all my pictures of machinery I show every operation plainly and fully. For instance, the sewing-machine which I reproduce on my films has a thread a quarter of an inch thick, a needle in proportion, and sews matting instead of cloth, so that the child's eye will miss nothing."

"Do you find that educators object to the introduction of moving pictures in the schools, Mr. Edison?"

"No, the teachers don't kick. Most of them realize the value of the pictures and want to get them; the trouble is that they won't take a little trouble to do so. Films are too expensive for the average individual school; we ought to have a few hundred or a thousand schools co-operating and relaying the films along. Then there would be a regular and steady market for educational films, and manufacturers would meet this market as school-book publishers meet the demand for specialized school-books. One big manufacturer could meet the whole demand, if necessary. I'm hammering away at it myself simply because I want to see the

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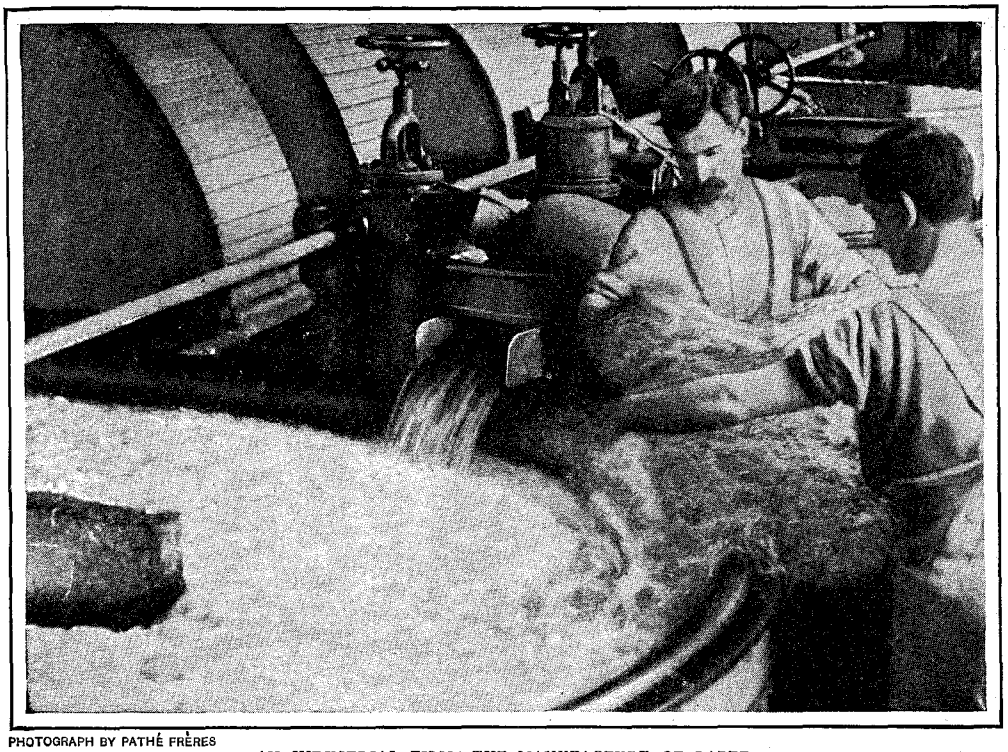
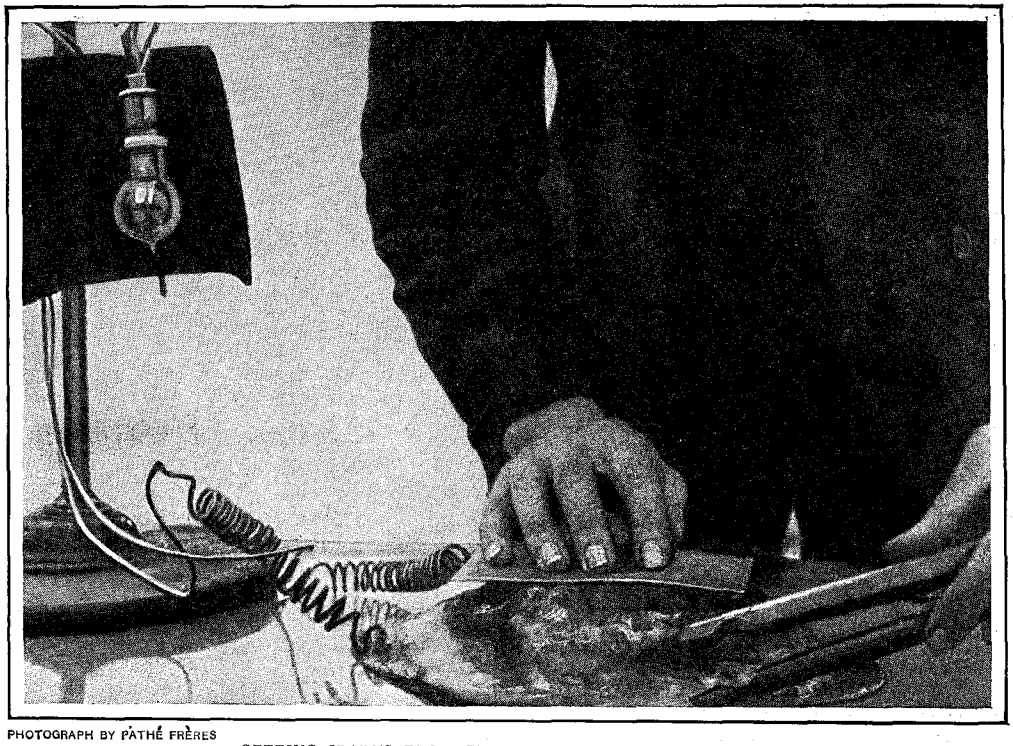


PHOTOGRAPH BY PATHÉ FRÈRES

AN INDUSTRIAL FILM: THE MANUFACTURE OF PAPER



PHOTOGRAPH BY PATHÉ FRÈRES

GETTING SPARKS FROM THE BODY OF AN ELECTRIC RAY

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thing done by some one, and no one else seems willing to bite.

"Sooner or later it's coming—moving pictures in every school in connection with all courses. It may take eight or ten years, just as it took us about ten years to get 'straight' moving pictures over, but it's bound to come."

Wisconsin is one of the few States in which the schools have got together and organized a systematic film service such as Mr. Edison advocates. Under the leadership of Dean Reber, of the State University, who is ever a pioneer in education, districts have been organized, courses mapped out, and a circulating library of films sent to each district, city, and town. In Minnesota the State College of Agriculture has made films for its own use and for other colleges in the State, as well as for the public at large. In this versatile State the farmers are taught by movies how to grow crops and ship them, while the children learn from the canvas screen what is proper deportment in society. The State Board of Education of California recently indorsed a plan to use the schools of the State as civic centers and have moving pictures therein, and soon that State will doubtless follow the lead of Wisconsin. The American Safety League, which covers most of the United States, sends lecturers into the schools of the country who, with motion pictures, show children how to avoid accidents from automobiles, railway trains, and street cars.

Harvard, Cornell, and Pennsylvania are among the larger universities of the country now using the cinematograph in connection with some kinds of class work. One of the most significant and far-reaching uses of the cinematograph in the universities and colleges of America is being undertaken by the recently established Bureau of Commercial Economics, an association of "the leading institutions, manufacturers, producers, and transportation lines in this country and abroad, to engage in disseminating industrial and vocational information by the graphic method of motion pictures upon the recommendation of the leading educators of the country." The Bureau, which is purely philanthropic, sends its reels and lecturers free to colleges, technical and agricultural schools, high schools, public institutions, etc., on the sole condition that the public be admitted without charge. On the film of the association are depicted all kinds of industries, from mining to sardine canning, with all of the important processes of each industry included. The direct advantage of possessing the knowledge that can be skimmed from these films is tremendous, but perhaps their greatest use in college will be to enable youths to decide what business they want to enter by showing them all the principal industries on the screen. As Dr. Charles W. Eliot, President Emeritus of Harvard University, points out, the Bureau is proposing to "do on a large scale what Benjamin Franklin's father did for his son, who was deciding on the choice of a trade. The father took the boy about Boston and showed him work going on in as many trades as were then represented in the little town. It was only after having seen the work done in the various trades that Benjamin decided to become a printer."

The surprising thing about the use of moving pictures in education to-day is not that they are used at all, but that they are not used vastly more. The trouble is, as Mr. Edison points out, that educators and film manufacturers do not get together. The teachers are waiting for the film men to come to them with tentative programmes of "moving-picture text-books" for all school courses; the manufacturers, on the other hand, are making so much money in the theatrical field that they prefer to wait for a definite and large-sized order from the schools. It is interesting to note, however, that within the theatrical field the film-makers and distributers have been more aggressive. They have not always followed the public; sometimes they have led it. The recent formation of the Paramount Pictures Corporation is a good instance of this. This corporation, made up of such high-class producers as David Belasco, Henry W. Savage, and Daniel Frohman, and such experienced distributers as Hiram Abrams and W. W. Hodkinson, was formed on the belief that the public would patronize moving pictures of purely theatrical and artistic interest, if produced with taste, that would offer a striking contrast to the dime novel and "penny dreadful" sort of film that is still all too frequent.

What is needed for the future of the educational moving picture is the co-operation of the educator with the film-maker to build up a film library as comprehensive as the school-book library is to-day. When that is done, education will be easier, more thorough, and more interesting to the school-boy than it has ever been. There will be no "playing hooky" then.

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STALKING THE PRESIDENT OF HAITI

BY GERALD MYGATT

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

THE papers, in a moderate way, were full of it. A new revolution was stirring the Republic of Haiti to its very foundations. Bloody battles were being fought all over the Negro part of the island. President Michel Oreste had fled. President Zamor was in the Palace at Port-au-Prince, guarded by thousands of troops. Brevet-President Theodore was engineering a counter-revolution in the north, ready at any moment to sweep down on the capital. An international fleet was anchored in Port-au-Prince Harbor: a German war-ship, a Frenchman, a Britisher, and the battle-ships Montana and South Carolina, of the United States navy. Marines and sailors had been landed. The whole country was in arms and under martial law. Altogether it was unquestionably a good deal of a rumpus. Even in Mexico—it was in February—they weren't staging anything nearly so elaborate. So for one who had always possessed a secret ambition to be a war correspondent there was nothing to do but to go.

In New York it was grim midwinter, and for four tossing, twisting days at sea, with the ship boiling due southward on the breath of a howling norther, the snow and the ice and the cold relaxed their grip only finger by finger. But suddenly there fell a day of calm and warmth and summer sun, of sparkling blue sea and sparkling soft air. Next morning, just before noon, a ragged blue haze of far-off mountain peaks lifted itself over the southern horizon; that same evening, with the sun making ready to set in a golden blaze of tropical splendor, the steamer slowed down not a hundred yards from the green-clad cliffs at the entrance of Cape Haitian harbor. Cape Haitian is the chief seaport of the north of Haiti, an almost landlocked little bay with the mountains towering straight up from the shore for something like three thousand feet.

A half-hour later we were at anchor beside the United States gunboat Wheeling.

The town, so the American navy men told us, was quiet. Still it was filled with soldiers—and in Haiti one never could tell. So next morning we went ashore thrilled with expectation. For here at last we were to find ourselves in the heart of a real revolution. It was almost gingerly that we landed.

The town was certainly filled with soldiers—hundreds of soldiers, so it seemed—all barefooted, all sleepy, all dressed or partly dressed in faded and torn red-trimmed blue denim uniforms, all wearing bright-red or bright-blue French military caps, for everything is French; some of them with rifles, some of them without rifles but just as happy with sticks of sugar-cane on which they constantly munched; some of them without trousers, some of them without coats; but every mother's son of them as black as only black Negroes can be. Most of them didn't even turn their heads to look at us. It was too warm. Now and then as we walked back into the town we passed an officer (two of these were generals) resplendent in gold lace, wearing his red and blue uniform and gold-trimmed kepi rather well—but always black.

We walked up into the town, a town that steamed and reeked with heat and a thousand evil smells, to the German Club. Here the German Consul introduced us to Haitian rum—they make it from the whole sugar-cane, and the tasting of it makes a trip to Haiti worth while in itself—and to a Haitian citizen who could speak English.

"Where," I asked of the Haitian who could speak English, "where, if you please, is the revolution?"

He looked hurt.

"You don't understand," he said. "This is the revolution."

"But isn't there any fighting?"

"Certainly there is fighting."

"Where?"

"Here, *monsieur*. It is going on now." Outside in the glaring sun the town lay as quiet as a sleeping hog. "Ah," he concluded, with a French shrug of his Ethiopian shoulders, "you foreigners cannot understand. We do not fight to kill; we fight to win."

From the club we sauntered down to the German Consulate. The Consul explained on the way that we must excuse the guard outside his door. Inside the Consulate, he said, under the protection of the German flag, there were a dozen or so refugees, Haitians, waiting to be taken off to the ship in the harbor. Their heads were wanted,

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TYPICAL HAITIAN SOLDIERS

for they were supporters of Michel Oreste. If they came outside, they would be either shot or captured, and later executed. We thanked the Consul for his explanation.

At the door of his place we found the soldiers—six or eight barefooted, unkempt blacks, all sound asleep. Their rifles lay beside them.

"You see," said the Consul, "it is warm."

It was; there was no question about that. Possibly the heat was exerting some strange effect upon us, possibly—well, of course, rum is rum, no matter where and how it is distilled. At all events, five of us seemed to be inspired at once with the same idea. We stepped forward and each took a rifle from the guard. Two or three of the soldiers woke up at this move, but all they did was to eye us sleepily. We lined up in front of the guard. We went through a burlesque manual of arms. A smile flickered for an instant across the face of one of the soldiers, but that was the only sign of interest we could see. Then we went further. We formed in file and marched off down the street, their rifles over our shoulders; we marched and countermarched, we halted and we paraded. Then we came back. The half-dozen soldiers guarding political refugees with blood on their heads were still dozing. What was a rifle more or less? Eventually we handed the rifles back.

Later that afternoon the refugees came out to the ship. They came out with a big German flag like a canopy over their heads. That is the Haitians' technical idea of what it means to be under the protection of a flag. From the deck of the steamer, with field-glasses, we watched the guard. They never moved during the withdrawal. They never even stood up. They went on dozing. Little by little I was beginning to understand the Haitian idea of revolution.

I told them at Cape Haitian that I would like, if possible, to see some actual fighting; that if war was going on—as it was—my desire to write it up necessitated at least an attempt on my part to get to the front. Everybody looked blank. Of course, they said, there was fighting—lots of it. Reports came in every day. But just where it might be—well, perhaps they could tell me more definitely at Port-au-Prince. Port-au-Prince, being the capital, ought to know.

"Perhaps if you remain here," they most politely suggested, "for a month or two—"

I took the steamer to Port-au-Prince. One has to take the steamer, for between Cape Haitian and the capital there is no railway, although the two stub ends have been built for some time; there is not even a wagon road; there exists nothing but a mule trail, good for a four days' journey at the least. In the days of the French, a century and more ago, before the blacks got control of the island, Port-au-Prince and Cape Haitian were joined by a fine broad highway. The blacks, who had been slaves, drove the French out at the end of the eighteenth century, France being pretty well occupied then with affairs at home, and declared their independence on the first day of January, 1804. After that time—for independence, of course, meant freedom from work—roads, plantations, buildings, everything, went untouched. So Haiti to-day is in almost every way far more primitive than it was a full hundred years ago.

At Port-au-Prince, a filthy, dusty, foul-smelling, ramshackle city of goodness knows how many thousand souls, there were soldiers galore. They swarmed on the pier—the only docking-place in all Haiti—as the ship slid in after her three days' loaf around the

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coast. They chattered, they scolded, they even howled and yelled. As the steamer touched the dock a half hundred of them flocked noisily aboard. The first officer jumped down from the bridge.

"Quick!" he commanded in French, "get off this ship. *Vite!*"

"But, *monsieur*," protested a general in gold lace, "you have refugees?"

"This is German soil," snapped the officer. "Get off!" One by one the black, slovenly, barefooted soldiers, each with a rifle as tall as himself, backed down the side of the vessel. In their cabins the refugees were huddling, terror-stricken. No going ashore for them!

"What are you here for?" was the first question fired at me. It was always the first question in Haiti, as if any man who came there must have some overpowering reason for doing so. I told them. Their only answer was laughter.

"Go to the front? Good heavens! Sit down and shake for a drink."

"But," I persisted, "isn't the revolution going on? Isn't there any fighting anywhere?"

"Sure. Of course there is."

"But where?"

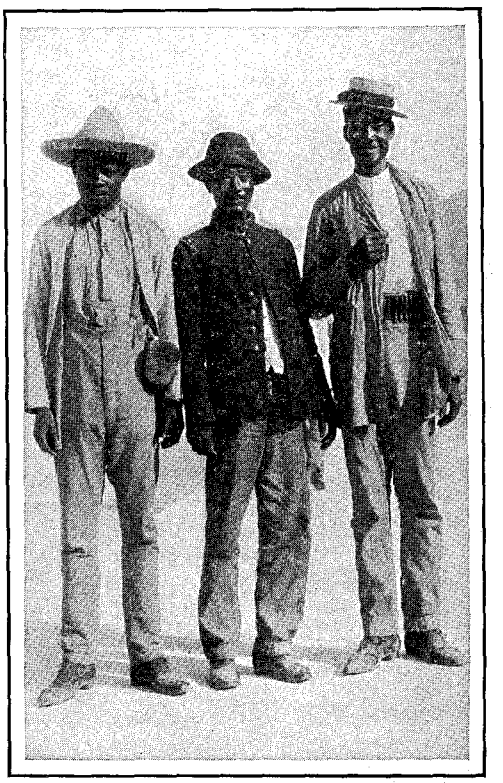
"Right here in Port-au-Prince—as much as anywhere. Zamor has got three thousand troops in town, and after dark you'll find a sentry at every corner. They say that up in the north Davilmar Theodore is—"

"Nothing doing in the north," I said. "I've just come from there."

"Well, he's up there somewhere. He'll come down in a couple of months, and if Charles Zamor—that's the President's brother—doesn't get him first, the same old story will be repeated. Theodore 'll come in with the partly uniformed, partly armed, partly paid rabble which goes here for being an army. They'll march into town some night and commence firing in the air. The three thousand troops here will go over to the revolutionists, and Monsieur Oreste Zamor will beat it. Zamor's a good man; with Charles, his brother, to help him he'd make a good President, more honest probably than most of them. But Theodore, who's a man of powerful personality, will get him out if he really starts to do it."

"Why?"

"Well, one reason, because every revolution that really starts is absolutely sure of success. The people always back the new



THREE CAPTAINS OF THE HAITIAN REVOLUTIONARY ARMY, IN FULL UNIFORM

man, either because they want to or because they have to, and the army always surrenders. It's customary—you might call it good form. They reason it out on the same basis on which they reason out paying revolutionary debts. The new Government always pays all obligations incurred by either side, except the salaries of the soldiers. The soldiers never get paid. That's why you see so many men in uniform working around town here. They have to work to live; and if their general is good-natured he lets them. The new administration pays all revolutionary debts simply because the Haitians figure that a revolution is a perfectly legitimate means of changing the government."

Then, little by little, over innumerable drinks of iced lemonade with just a dash of rum, I began to learn of the tragedy which underlies and makes possible the eternal comedy of politics and life in Haiti. It is the tragedy of a people but little more than slaves, a people for one hundred and ten years without any other guidance than the few men of their own race who for one reason or another have risen to be leaders. It is the tragedy of a people—the first nation

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after the United States to declare independence from European control—fighting blindly for the right to live. They are fighting, often subconsciously, against displacement, and possibly extermination, by those whom they consider their natural enemies, the whites. To avoid this end, to put it off as long as possible, these are the ultimate aims of the Haitian people.

They realize—almost all of them realize—that development of their country by white races would mean everything for the country. But they realize, too, that development by whites would eventually mean control by whites, that control by whites would eventually mean subjugation by whites. And now, at least as far as this one corner of the earth may be concerned, the Negro is the one and dominant race.

To such an extent do they carry this basic instinct of self-preservation that one of the fundamental laws of Haiti prohibits whites from owning Haitian land. True, whites may own land if they become naturalized Haitian citizens; but this is one thing which white men will not do, even for land. For the Haitian Negro is an arrogant Negro, a difficult Negro for the white to live with. The ownership of land by whites would mean an ever-increasing influx of whites, for the land of Haiti is as rich as any land on the face of the globe. And any great influx of whites the Haitians will not tolerate. Even the Haitian flag is symbolical of this feeling. The flag of Haiti consists simply of two horizontal bars, the upper one blue, the lower red. Long ago they deliberately took the white out of the tri-color.

This is the nethermost foundation of all the barbarism, of all the tragedy, even of all the comedy, which exists in Haiti to-day. And until the day—perhaps a century from now, perhaps five centuries—when some great overgrown power needs the land of Haiti badly enough to conduct a campaign of merciless, bloody, cruel extermination, it is a foundation which will stand unchanged.

With a population made up of African Negroes, and nothing but African Negroes, thrown suddenly from slavery into the responsibilities of self-government; with all this population, save a few educated, cultivated men and women of the ruling classes, utterly untutored and unschooled; with a climate and a soil which together produce, entirely without labor, the necessities and many of the luxuries by which human life is made both possible and comfortable; with all opportunity for world intercourse cut off by the very fact that world intercourse is bound eventually to mean racial subjugation or extinction; with the existence in every Haitian, as in every other human being, of an entirely justifiable and overpowering desire to be his own master, among his own people, and to run no danger of becoming anybody's slave—with all these things as they are, no wonder the undercurrent of all Haitian life is an undercurrent of tragedy. The longer one remains in Haiti, the more deeply one finds himself sympathizing with the Haitian point of view. With this point of view fully understood it is difficult to laugh.

And yet—

Because the revolution was still going on the city of Port-au-Prince was under martial law. Each evening at nightfall a thousand or so soldiers of Zamor's force would spread through the town, guarding all approaches to the national Palace. Foreigners and even Haitian citizens were banned from the streets at the hour of ten. It was all decidedly military. Now and then galloping hoofs would resound through the public ways. Every once in a while a bugle-call would echo and then re-echo. As I sat there that first evening on the sweltering veranda of Shea's Hotel I could feel my eyes brightening once more. This, I thought, this sounds like business.

Outside in the moist, velvety darkness the challenges of the guards rang out—sharp challenges, peremptory challenges. The challenges came so thick and fast that, little by little, the city began to sound like a Stock Exchange or a convention of old-clothes men.

"Those men are yelling at the top of their lungs, aren't they?" I couldn't help asking.

"Oh, yes," answered somebody. "You see," he went on, "guarding the President's Palace appeals to the Haitian imagination. The job's nice, too. You just sit and guard. Guarding something or somebody is the Haitian's strong forte."

"But would they ever stop anybody?"

"Go out yourself and see," chimed the chorus.

"If they challenge you with '*Qui vive?*'" said a man in the corner, "tell 'em you're a stranger. '*Qui vive?*' is an embarrassing question, because nobody really knows who does *vive*. They run on Jersey Central schedule here, a one-hour President every hour on the hour, and the new President always is the one who lives. So be careful."

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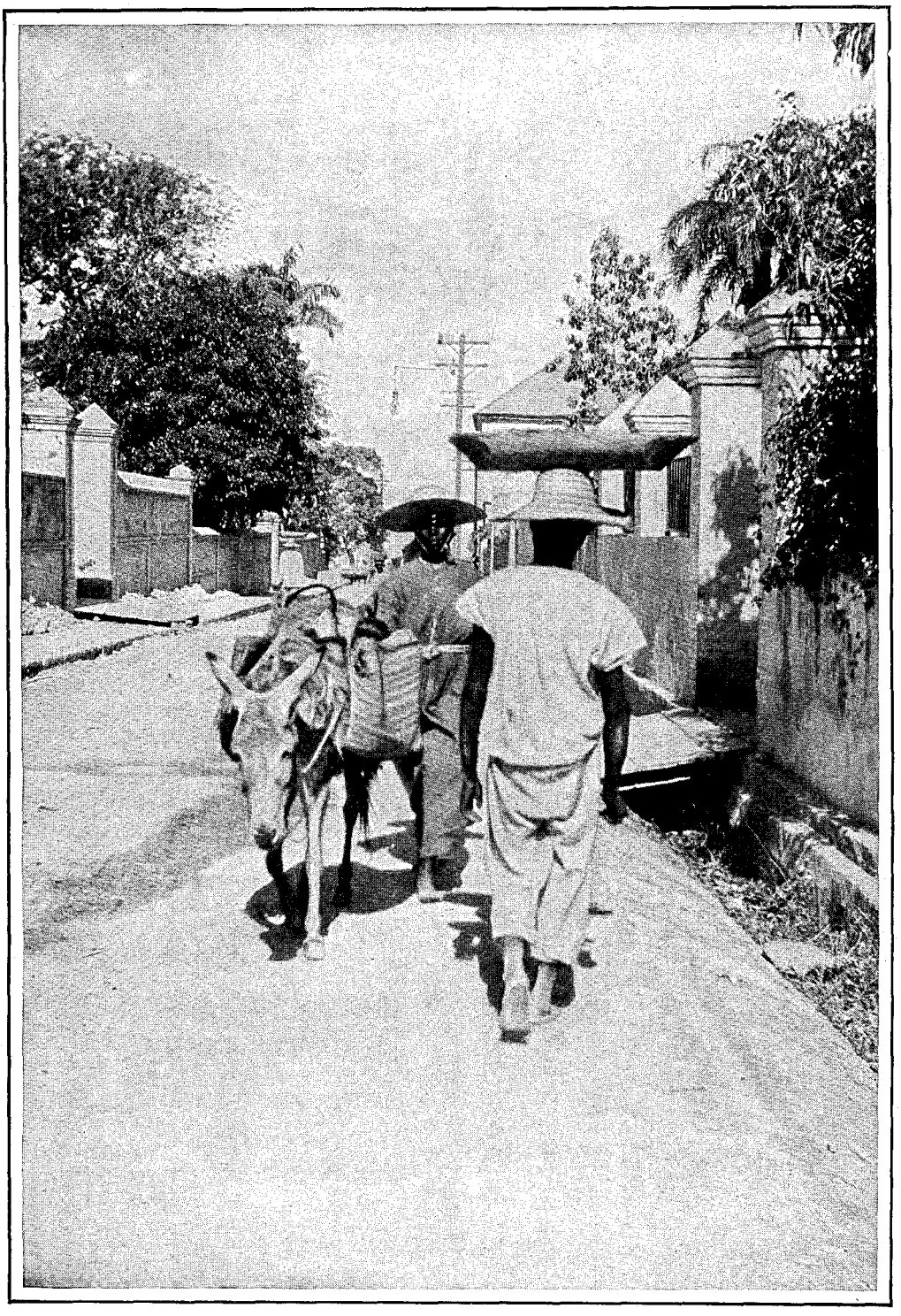

A STREET IN PORT-AU-PRINCE, HAITI

The man is carrying concrete in the receptacle on his head

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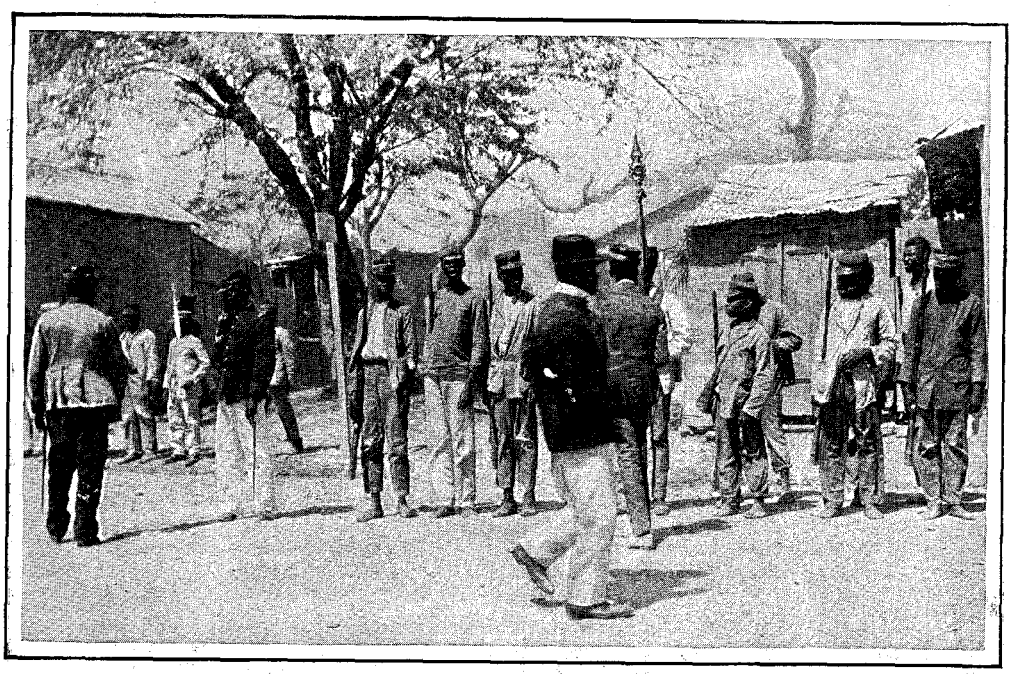

THE HAITIAN ARMY REVIEWED BY ITS GENERAL
The soldiers are at attention

Obviously it was time to go. One of them trotted along with me. "It's better with two," he explained.

Even as we stepped out into the street there began a human baying. It came from three different directions at once. I began to get nervous. We walked along in the shadow while the baying redoubled.

"*Qui vive?*" suddenly yelped what seemed to be the root of a tree at our right. Then, "*Cod voo?*"—it certainly sounded that way—the voice repeated.

"*Étrangers,*" said my companion, quietly. Then to me, "He asked us, 'Who goes there?' in Creole."

The root of the tree wriggled and a soldier came sleepily forward. His cap was down over his eyes, his rifle dragged behind him. I made ready to flee.

"Gif me fife cents," said the soldier, in English.

"*Non, monsieur,*" replied my companion, bowing. The soldier looked crestfallen. We passed on. At the next corner the same ceremony was repeated, except that here the guard was lying flat on his back in the gutter.

"Gif me fife cents," he implored without rising.

We walked straight to the gate of the President's house, past guard after guard.

"Gif me fife cents," said the sergeant at the gate. We declined.

"Gif me ten cents," he suggested, hopefully.

"*Non, monsieur,*" we said. And bowed. Thus it was that I learned the Haitian national slogan—the one English sentence which every man in the Haitian army seems to know by heart—"Gif me fife cents."

It was the next evening that two of us tried a new tack. We ran the guards again, straight up to within a bomb's toss of the place where the President slept. At every corner we were challenged; at almost every corner the sleepy challenger suggested the customary five-cent contribution. Finally we stopped. We reached for the rifle of a guard, and took it. He looked expectant. We threw the breech-bolt back and ejected the cartridge—it was an old single-action Mannlicher. In the chamber of the rifle we placed a Haitian five-cent piece. Then we jammed the bolt home, and handed the rifle to the guard. He giggled. A half-dozen times we tried it, always with the same success. A man with a bag of small coins could have disarmed the whole fighting force of the capital.

Two or three evenings later a few of us went down to the pier to get some cigarettes from a Dutch steamer in that day from

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THE MARKET PLACE, PORT-AU-PRINCE, HAITI
"The only two animals in Haiti that work, the donkey and the women"

New York. (The cigarettes of Haiti are vile.) At the shore end of the wharf we were halted by a knot of soldiers.

"You cannot go out," protested an officer in crippled English; "it is forbidden in the night." We discussed the matter with him. Finally, driven to desperation, one of us crumpled a greasy, torn, moth-eaten Haitian *gourde*—a bill worth twenty-two cents—into his hand.

"You will be back?" he queried, and bowed us through. But as we started he caught me by the shoulder. "How much," he whispered, "how much you gif me for my sword?"

"Don't want it," I told him.

"I sell him to you for fife *gourdes*." I didn't have five *gourdes* with me, or I would have bought it.

"Gif me fife cents," proposed the officer, as we hurried away.

The possession of a rifle or a sword seems far from essential to the military of Haiti. On board the South Carolina they had a whole storeroom full of rifles, bayonets, and what not else, bought by the American seamen as souvenirs from Haitian soldiers and officers for an average of about a dollar apiece.

It was something more than a month that I spent in Haiti, going even into the back country in search of the revolution which still held its place in the papers. Bloody battles were still being fought, if reports were to be credited at all. The international fleet had dispersed, it is true, but the United States naval authority was still on the watch. Day by day the net was tightening around the President's palace at Port-au-Prince. The whole country was in arms and under martial law. The Haitian gunboat Nord Alexis sailed off from the capital to somewhere with a thousand troops. Parties of mounted scouts, after riding around Port-au-Prince to show off their rifles and equipment—while all the foreign merchants closed the iron shutters of their stores—rode off weekly into the hills. On every street corner, wherever there was shade, stood groups of serious men, all black, all intent on low-voiced debate. The probable date of General Theodore's advance was on everybody's lips. War was going on, revolution, insurrection.

Yet in all that month—in the north, in the west, in the south, and in the interior hills—I never heard a shot; I never even saw a Haitian soldier hurry. After all, if you happen to be a Haitian, life in Haiti has its compensations.

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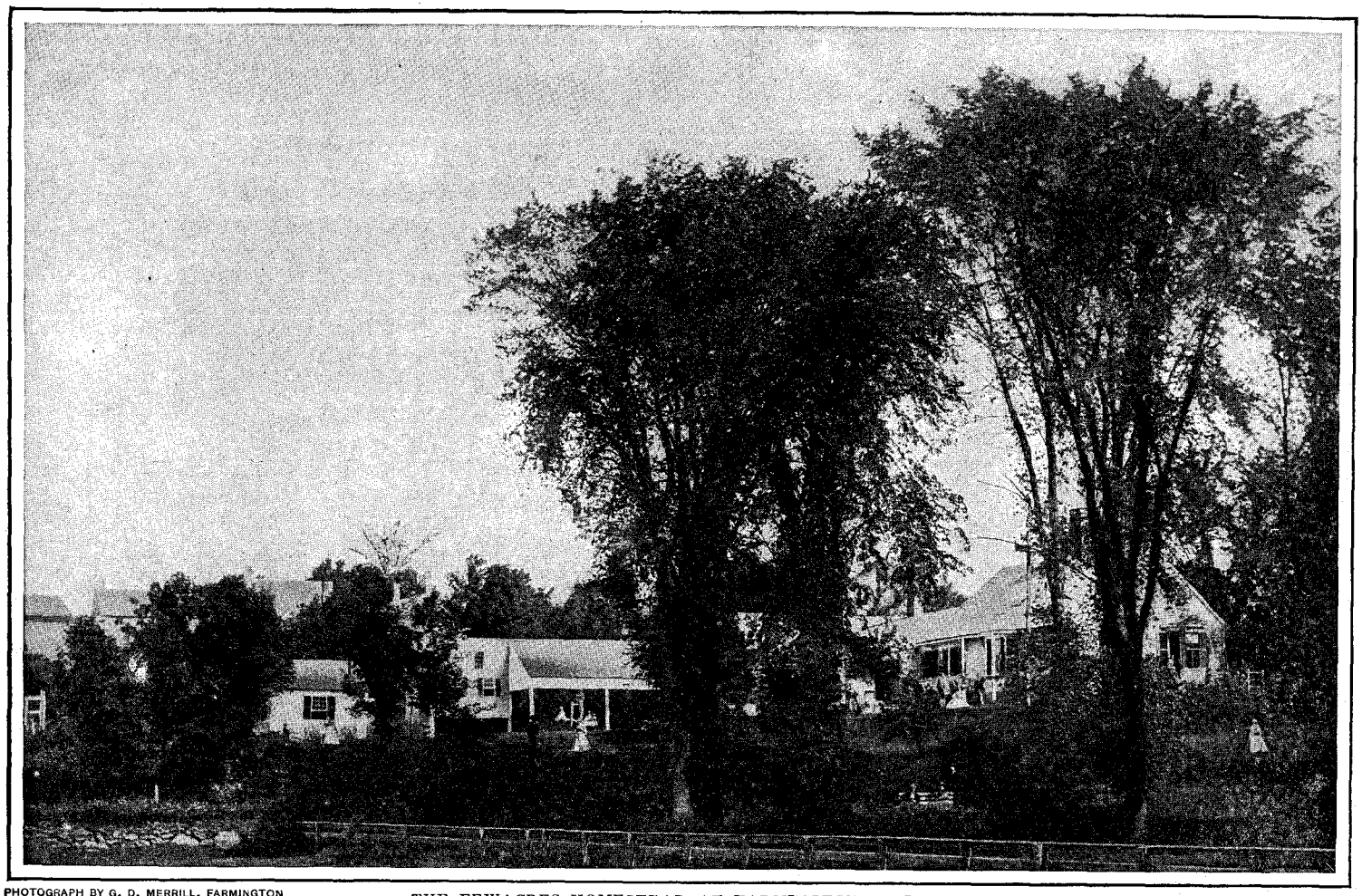

PHOTOGRAPH BY G. D. MERRILL, FARMINGTON

THE FEWACRES HOMESTEAD AT FARMINGTON, MAINE

It was here that Lyman Abbott devoted his time to preparation for the ministry in 1859

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REMINISCENCES[1]

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

CHAPTER VIII

FEWACRES THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

ON the 6th of September, 1859, I bade good-by to my brothers and their New York offices, to my home and friends in Brooklyn, to my profession and my professional ambitions, and with my wife and child took the steamer for Portland, and thence the railway and stage-coach to Farmington. My father and his wife, my stepmother, were still at Fewacres when I arrived there, and the five weeks during which he remained there I took as a vacation. He was very fond of landscape architecture of a simple sort, and I worked with him on the grounds, making paths, trimming up trees and shrubs and the like, and doing only some incidental reading. But these five weeks with him were among the most profitable of my life. For he not only gave me some specific counsels which have remained with me ever since, which I am glad to repeat here for the benefit of others, especially young ministers and theological students, but also, without my realizing it then, as I have realized it since, he laid for me, by his thoughts, the foundations of much of my theological thinking, and, by his personal character and influence, the foundations of much of my religious experience.

"If I were a preacher," he said, "I would make my first sermon of any convenient length. The next Sunday I would make it five minutes shorter, and I would continue to take off five minutes until the people complained that my sermons were too short. Then I would take five minutes off from that, and the result should give me my standard." This counsel was emphasized by the saying of a Methodist minister to me when I was ordained in the following spring, "I have resolved not to attempt to make myself immortal by being eternal."

I never followed literally my father's counsel; but I have acted in accordance with its spirit. When, in 1887, I was invited to undertake the supply of the pulpit of Plymouth Church in Brooklyn, on the death of Henry Ward Beecher, I was quite conscious that I never could preach as great sermons as Mr. Beecher, but I knew that I could preach shorter ones. He usually preached from an hour to an hour and a quarter; and the congregation was surprised to find his successor's sermons half that length—very rarely over thirty-five minutes, and not infrequently twenty-five. What congregations have said behind my back I do not know; but many have complained to me that my sermons were too short, and I have always regarded the criticism as a compliment.

My father's second counsel respected the method of a preacher's approach to his congregation. "It is," he said, "a principle of mechanics that, if an object is at one point and you wish to take it to another point, you must carry it through all the intermediate points. Remember that this is also a principle in morals. If your congregation is at one point and you wish to bring them to another point, you must carry them through all the intermediate points."

The minister must be enough of an opportunist to adapt his teaching to the audience which he addresses. If a locomotive were to start at sixty miles an hour, it would break the coupling and leave the train standing on the track. This is what has often happened to radical preachers. I have no moral respect for the preacher who is contented to be a phonograph and repeat from the pulpit on Sunday the sentiments and experiences which he has gathered from his congregation during the week. But I have also scant respect for the preacher who makes no study of the sentiments, opinions, or even prejudices of his congregation, and excuses his laziness by quoting the text: "And thou shalt say unto them, Thus saith the Lord God. And they, whether they will hear, or whether they will forbear (for they are a rebellious house), yet shall know that there hath been a prophet among them." I believe that the pulpit is the freest platform in America—freer than either the editorial page or the political rostrum. But he who would profit by that freedom and make it profitable to others as well must study his congregation and treat

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their preconceived opinions with respect. He cannot expect that they will understand him if he has made no attempt to understand them, nor that he can in half an hour conduct them through all the transitions of thought which it has taken him months, and perhaps years, of study to make for himself.

My father's third counsel respected the cause of sectarian differences and the secret of Christian unity. "I am convinced," he said, "that nine-tenths of the controversies which have agitated the religious world have been controversies about words, and I rather think the other tenth has been also."

I thought at the time that this was rather extreme, but an incident occurring in my life many years after led me to think that it is almost literally true. I told the story to an agnostic, and accompanied it with a qualification. "There is one difference," I said to him, "which I do not think is merely a difference about words—that between the mystic and the rationalist. The rationalist believes that we can know nothing which we cannot perceive through the senses—cannot see, hear, touch, or smell; the mystic believes that we have direct and immediate knowledge of an invisible world. I am a mystic." "And I," he replied, "am a rationalist; I believe that all our knowledge is derived through the senses. But I believe that there is a great domain which we enter through the faith faculty." And I said to myself, "My father was more nearly right than I thought. What I call knowledge my agnostic friend calls domain."

Acting on this principle, it has become a second nature to me to avoid all the technical terms of scholastic theology, what one of my friends calls "the *patois* of Canaan"—such words as Trinity, Atonement, Vicarious Sacrifice, Regeneration, Decrees, Foreordination, Plenary Inspiration, and the like. These words are battle-flags, and the moment the word is raised prejudice rushes in to attack it, and prejudice, often no more intelligent, rushes in to defend it. In consequence the religious teacher finds himself involved in a theological tournament, which never was profitable, and in our time is not even interesting. The adoption of these two fundamental principles—an understanding of the audience coupled with a real respect for their convictions, an honest endeavor to adapt my teaching not to their likes but to their needs, and an instinctive omission of all words which have come to be battle-flags—has enabled me to preach Divine Sovereignty to Methodists, Orthodoxy to Unitarians, the Civil Rights of the Negroes to Southerners, Industrial Democracy to capitalists, and the leadership of Jesus Christ to Jews. How far I may have converted them to my way of thinking I do not know; but I have at least got a respectful hearing for my convictions.

Whether it was at this time or earlier that my father gave me the following counsel I am not sure. "Lyman," he said, "I have resolved always to have plenty of money."

Myself. That's easier said than done, father.

Father. Not at all. It is perfectly easily done.

Myself (*incredulous*). I should like to know how.

Father. Always spend less than you earn.

And I remember the concrete illustration he gave to me: "If I landed at the Battery from Europe with ten cents in my pocket, I would walk home rather than spend six cents to ride uptown in an omnibus."

To my father's counsel I have added, "Spend your money after you have earned it, not before."

This counsel has kept me from dishonorable debt, although at times my income has been so small that it has been necessary to forego myself and to deny to my family all luxuries and some comforts. There was one winter when my wife, with two little children to care for, was her own cook, housemaid, and nurse, and, on occasion, dressmaker and milliner, and I sawed and split all the wood for our winter's fuel, though I kept up the sawing only till I had paid for the saw and the saw-horse. At such times this resolve to incur no dishonorable debt has spurred me on to add to my regular income by extra work outside my profession. Not all debt is dishonorable. But all debt incurred without assured resources with which to repay it is dishonorable, unless the creditor knows the circumstances, and, for friendship's sake or for profit, is willing to take the risk.

But much more important than these specific counsels was the general religious influence of my father, who was the only teacher of theology under whose personal influence I have ever come. It is never possible for a teacher to know from whom he has derived the various threads which have entered into and compose the fabric of his teaching. Nor could I tell now what or how much I received from those five weeks of association with my father.

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But as I have recently re-read certain of his religious writings, I have been anew made sensible how much of my theology—that is, of my philosophy of religion—has been derived from him; I hope also something of the spirit of devotion which vitalized all his religious thinking. I make no attempt here to give any systematic account of my father's theology; I attempt only to illustrate by brief quotations some of the essential articles of his religious faith which I have largely, though unconsciously, borrowed from him.

He was a liberal in theology, but in opinion and in spirit profoundly evangelical. In 1838, three years after my birth, he described in a letter to his mother a work which he had projected but which he never wrote. "I should design," he wrote, "to take up in it the subject of *the way of salvation through Jesus Christ as an atoning sacrifice for sin*, and the other doctrines of grace connected with it, as they have been held by the most devoted Christians in all ages, in contrast with the views secretly or openly maintained by Unitarians and others, of salvation through the general forgiveness of God, bestowed on those whose lives are serious and exemplary. I should endeavor to take up the subject not at all in a controversial form, but with something of the air and manner I should assume by the fireside with a serious-minded and thoughtful Unitarian who should wish me to tell him frankly what I thought was the real difference between the systems, and why I embraced the evangelical one. If I do not mistake, there are a great many inquirers and doubtful minds all over New England upon whom such a discussion might exert some influence." The twenty-two years of experience which had elapsed between the date of that letter and my association with my father as my theological teacher in 1860 had, I think, led him to the conclusion that the difference between spiritually minded evangelicals and spiritually minded Unitarians was not so great as he had once thought. But his faith in a divine Helper and Healer of men, and his desire to write, not to demolish one theological system or to construct another, but to help inquiring and doubtful minds, never left him; and whatever of that faith and that purpose has inspired and directed my work was inherited from him.

My father was not a Calvinist—certainly not in the sense in which John Calvin and Jonathan Edwards were Calvinists. But I imbibed from him a sympathy with two phases of Calvinism—its reverence for divine sovereignty and its interpretation of human sinfulness. From him I learned to hold both the supremacy of law and the freedom of the will without attempting to harmonize them. "The only way in which the mind can be really at peace on this subject," he wrote in his "Commentary on the New Testament," "is humbly to acquiesce in our incapacity to fathom this gulf in theory, and then practically to yield a full and cordial assent, on the one hand, to the dictates of conscience which testify that we are entirely unrestrained in our moral conduct, and so accountable for it, and, on the other, to the word of God, asserting that Jehovah is *supreme*, and that his providence includes and controls all that takes place under his reign." On this subject, and on some others, my father was an agnostic before Huxley had coined the word; and I imbibed this measure of agnosticism from him.

Nor was he less explicit in recognizing a truth in the Calvinist's view of sin. Theodore Parker, in a letter written about 1859–60, said: "I find *sins*, *i. e.*, *conscious violations of natural right*, but no *sin*, *i. e.*, no conscious and intentional preference of wrong (as such) to right (as such), no condition of enmity against God."[1] I learned from my father that sins are the product of sin; that as virtue is something more than conscious performance of virtuous acts because they are virtuous, so sin is something more than conscious performance of wrong acts because they are wrong. In quoting from "The Corner-Stone" some extracts from his description of sinfulness as distinguished from specific sins, I am doing him an injustice, but were I to define his views in my own words the injustice might be even greater.

He did not believe with the Westminster divine that, as a result of Adam's fall, "we are utterly indisposed, disabled, and made opposite to all good, and wholly inclined to all evil." In what seems to me an eloquent passage he describes the industry which characterizes the average American village, in which "each man labors thus industriously, day after day, and year after year, not mainly for himself, but for others;" the affection which unites the home, binding the mother "to her husband, her children, her home, and to all the domestic duties which devolve

[1] John Weir's "Life and Correspondence of Theodore Parker," Vol. I, p. 151.

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upon her;" the spirit of self-denial which leads the father and mother to devote themselves by day and night to the care of a sick and suffering child. "There is," he says, "a great moral beauty in this, and in all those principles of human nature by which heart is bound to heart, and communities are linked together, in bonds of peace and harmony, and of mutual co-operation and good will. Some persons may indeed say that there is nothing of a *moral* character in it. We will not contend for a word. There is beauty in it of some sort, it is certain; for he who can look upon these and similar aspects of human character without some gratification is not human. It is beauty of some sort, and it is neither physical nor intellectual beauty; if any man chooses to apply some other term than *moral* to characterize it, we will not contend. At any rate, it is human nature."

Thus recognizing the moral beauty in human life, he presents in a passage not less eloquent, but far too long to quote here, an indictment of mankind for their refusal to submit to the law of God. "Jehovah has proclaimed a law; men disobey it altogether. They do, indeed, some things which are commanded in that law, but then it is only because to do those things happens to suit their convenience. He says to us that we are not our own, but his; we pay no regard to it, but go on serving ourselves. He says to us that all will soon be over with us in this world, and that in a very short time we must stand in judgment before him. Who believes it? He charges the man of wealth to act as his Maker's steward in managing his property, and sacredly to appropriate it to his cause; the wealthy man regards it just as much as he would a similar claim from the beggar in the street. He calls upon men of rank and influence to glorify him by exhibiting pure and holy lives in the conspicuous stations in which he has placed them; look at the princes and nobles, the legislators and the statesmen of this world, and see how they obey. By his word and by his spirit he tells us of our undying souls, of the value of holiness and spiritual peace, and of the deep guilt of sin, of mercy through a Saviour, and of eternal life with him in heaven; men turn away from such subjects in utter contempt. These topics, whenever introduced among the vulgar classes of society, will ordinarily be received with open derision and scorn; and the refined circles of society, with as decided, though with a little more polite hostility, will not allow their introduction. There seems to be as real and certain and determined a combination among men to exclude God and his law from any actual control over human hearts as if the standard of open rebellion was raised, and there were gathering around it all the demonstrations of physical resistance."

It is interesting to note how the same essential truth is often differently perceived and differently stated almost simultaneously by men of different temperaments. "The Corner-Stone" was published in 1834 in Massachusetts. In 1837 Abraham Lincoln, in one of his earliest addresses in Illinois, warned his hearers of the dangers to the country from this same spirit of lawless self-will. "I hope," he said, "I am over-wary, but if I am not there is even now something of ill omen amongst us. I mean the increasing disregard for law which pervades the country—the growing disposition to substitute the wild and furious passions in lieu of the sober judgment of courts, and the worse than savage mobs for the executive ministers of justice." My father was twenty-five years old when he wrote "The Corner-Stone;" Abraham Lincoln was twenty-six years old when he made this Springfield speech. The difference between the point of view and the form of statement of the New England preacher and the Illinois statesman is so great that to the casual reader no resemblance may be apparent. But in fact the sin of lawless self-will is the same whether the law which it disregards is termed the divine law or the moral law, whether its sanction is the Bible or the common conscience of the community, and the sin is much the same whether it is expressed in wild and furious passions or in cunningly concealed forms of cruel pride and selfish greed.

I do not think my father in 1859 would have drawn quite so sharp a distinction as he did in 1834 between loyal obedience to divine law and natural affection, to which and to policy he attributes nine-tenths of all that is called virtue in this world. He would perhaps have thought as I do, that much of what is called natural affection is really a spontaneous and glad obedience to God's law of love written in the heart. However this may be, it is certain that he recognized the difference between sins and sin, the first a form of conduct, the second a quality of character; and from him, in part at least, I

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derived my lifelong conviction on this subject. The conviction has determined my teaching alike on individual and on social topics, and has made me regard all mere reform of society as of little value, except as it promotes or is produced by a new life of justice and good will in the community.

The remedy for this condition my father did not think could ever be found in either an emotional or an intellectual change. We are not to postpone *doing* aright until we can be persuaded to think rightly or feel rightly. The remedy for sin is practical obedience to divine law. This truth he illustrated in a characteristic parable. A father goes away from home leaving his boys in charge of the house and placing certain duties and responsibilities upon them. These they neglect. A friend remonstrates with them and urges on them a radical change from one character to another. "This discourse is all perfectly true, and admirably philosophical, but it is sadly impotent in regard to making any impression on human hearts. Another man comes to address them in a different mode. He calls upon them at once to return to their duty.

"'What shall we do first?' ask the boys.

"'Do first? Do anything first; there is the garden to be weeded, and the library to be arranged, and your rooms to be put in order. No matter what you do first. Begin to obey your father. That is the point.'"

In the next chapter I shall have occasion to narrate an incident in my parish work which illustrates the practical operation of this philosophy of religion. Here it is enough to say that this twofold doctrine of the reality of sinfulness and of the remedy by obedience—the prophet Daniel's remedy, "Break off thy sins by righteousness"—has guided me throughout my ministry; has led me to deny the commonly received distinction between morality and religion, to urge obedience to the moral law, never as a substitute for religion, but as both a first step toward it and an evidence of it, and to welcome the present religion of humanity as a real and permanent advance upon the religion of the intellect and the religion of the emotions.

Still more important in its effect on my intellectual and spiritual development was my father's teaching concerning the nature of God and of Jesus Christ. Here again I must choose between the alternative of doing my father an injustice by partial quotations or a greater injustice by attempting to put his teaching in my own words. I choose the former course.

"God is everywhere. . . . The Deity is the ALL-PERVADING POWER which lives and acts throughout the whole. He is not a separate existence having a special habitation in a part of it. . . . GOD IS A SPIRIT. . . . That is, he has no form, no place, no throne. Where he acts, there only can we see him. He is the widespread omnipresent *power*, which is everywhere employed—but which we can neither see, nor know, except so far as he shall manifest himself by his doings."

"The Corner-Stone," from which these words are quoted, was published in 1834, fifty years before Herbert Spencer's declaration that "we are ever in the presence of an infinite and eternal energy from which all things proceed." When it is remembered that at the time of its publication the current theology in practically all churches, Protestant and Roman Catholic, was what has been well called "the carpenter theory of creation"—that God at a definite period in history made the world and launched it on its course under the control of certain secondary causes which he also created and set a-going independently of him—it will not be thought strange that my father was accused of pantheism. Nor perhaps will it be thought strange that my father, and I who had imbibed his theology, were quite ready to welcome the doctrine of evolution when it appeared. The insuperable obstacle presented in the minds of those who held to the older and mechanical conception of creation was no obstacle in my father's mind or in mine, though it took some years for me to acquaint myself with the new view and adjust and apply it to the moral and spiritual development of man.

Nor is it strange that my father's interpretation of the divinity of Jesus Christ brought down upon him equally severe criticism. But it was the natural, almost the inevitable, consequence of his view of the Deity as a Spirit universally present but invisible and made known only by his manifestations of himself in his works.

"He is an unseen, universal power, utterly invisible to us, and imperceptible, except so far as he shall act out his attributes in what he does. *How shall he act out moral principle?* It is easy by his material creations to make any impression upon us which material objects can make; but how shall he exhibit to us the moral beauty of justice, and benevo-

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lence, and mercy between man and man? How shall he exhibit to us clearly his desire that sorrow and suffering on earth should be mitigated, and injuries forgiven, and universal peace and good will reign among the members of this great family? Can he do this by the thunder, the lightning, or the earthquake? Can he do it by the loveliness of the evening landscape, or the magnificence and splendor of the countless suns and stars? No. He might *declare* his moral attributes as he might have declared his power; but if he would bring home to us the one, as vividly and distinctly as the other, he must act out his moral principles by a moral manifestation, in a moral scene; and the great beauty of Christianity is that it represents him as doing so. He brings out the purity, and spotlessness, and moral glory of the divinity through the workings of a human mind, called into existence for this purpose, and stationed in a most conspicuous attitude among men. . . . Thus the moral perfections of the divinity show themselves to us in the only way by which, so far as we can see, it is possible directly to show them, by coming out in action, in the very field of human duty, through a mysterious union with a human intellect and human powers. It is GOD MANIFEST IN THE FLESH; the visible moral image of an all-pervading moral Deity, himself forever invisible."

This was very different from the then current view of the Trinity—three independent and individual Persons mysteriously joined together in one Person; and equally inconsistent with Mr. Beecher's view as expressed by him in an article pointing out the radical difference between his theology and that of Theodore Parker:

"Could Theodore Parker worship my God? Christ Jesus is his name. All that there is of God to me is bound up in that name. A dim and shadowy effluence rises from Christ, and that I am taught to call the Father. A yet more tenuous and invisible film of thought arises, and that is the Holy Spirit. But neither are to me aught tangible, restful, accessible. They are to be revealed to my knowledge hereafter, but now only to my faith. But Christ stands my manifest God. All that I know is of him and in him."

Those who are familiar with my writings will recognize that it was from the teachings of my father that I evolved my own conception of Jesus Christ as, not God *and* man mysteriously joined together in a being who represents neither what God is nor what man can be come, but God *in* man, the supreme revelation in history of what God is, what man can be, and what is the true and normal relation between the two.

One more reference to my father's theology must bring this perhaps too prolonged account of my theological professor to an end. He was wholly indifferent to forms, whether of doctrine or of worship. He was, therefore, not a denominationalist. He remained in the Congregational Church to the day of his death; but he would probably have remained equally contentedly in any church in which he had happened to be brought up. But he did not believe in church union. If he had lived till to-day, and his faith had remained unchanged, he would have given his hearty support to the attempted federation of the churches, but he would not have given support, and perhaps would have actively opposed, the proposal to unite all churches in one church.

"Nothing can be plainer than that Jesus Christ meant to secure the spirit of Christianity, and to leave to each age and nation the regulation of its *forms*. He adopted one mode—the one suited to his purpose. His Apostles immediately adopted another, which they changed as circumstances required; and it has gone on changing ever since, and it will go on changing probably until the millennium, when modes and forms of worship will be as various and as unnumbered as the domestic and social customs of the human race, divided as it is into a thousand nations and dwelling in every variety of region and clime. . . . And yet nine-tenths of nominal Christians all over the world are firmly believing, and sincerely wishing, that their own denomination may extend and swallow up the rest, and become universal. . . . There can be no moral effect more certain than that, in such a case, four or five generations would place worldly, selfish, ambitious men at the head of the religious interests of the world! We have had one terrible experiment of the effects of one great denomination, to illustrate this reasoning. God grant that the dark day may never come again!"

When, in 1876, I was invited to become associated with Mr. Beecher in the editorship of the "Christian Union," I was prepared to welcome the invitation, because I had learned from my father to desire the co-operation of all Christians in a common work for the betterment of the world, but not in a common ecclesiastical organization.

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My father's discarding of forms and his non-combative and persuasive temper were both illustrated by one incident in his life, for that reason worth narrating here. In "The Corner-Stone" he had one chapter upon the Last Supper. Nearly the whole of this chapter was devoted to an interpretation of and comment upon Christ's instructions as reported in the Gospel of John. The institution of the Supper my father described as follows:

"At the close of the interview he established the great Christian ordinance, which has been celebrated, without interruption, from that day to this. The circumstances under which that ordinance was established teach us a lesson, as we have already briefly said in a preceding chapter, in regard to the manner in which the Saviour regarded forms and ceremonies, which it is strange that Christians have been so slow to learn. In the first place, he made apparently no preparation for it. The articles used were those which we may literally say *happened* to be there. . . . He does not look around and choose some act or arrange some ceremony with care, adapting it to its purpose and prescribing nicely its forms. No, he selects a portion of the very transaction which was before him, and consecrates that. He just takes the bread which was upon the table, and pours out another cup of wine, and says, 'Take these, as emblems of my sufferings and death, incurred for the remission of your sins, and henceforth do this in remembrance of me; as often as you do it you will represent the Lord's death, until he come.' Had he been walking in a grove, instead of being seated at a table, when his last hour with his disciples had arrived, he would perhaps, on the same principles, have broken off a branch from a tree and distributed a portion to his friends, and then Christians would have afterwards commemorated his death by wearing their monthly badge of evergreen; or, if he had been returning to Jerusalem, he would perhaps have consecrated their walk, and then, during all succeeding ages, the sacred ceremony would have been performed by a solemn procession of his friends. No matter what the act was which was thus set apart as a memorial. The *feeling* of which it is the symbol is all that is important."

Congregationalists have generally regarded the Supper as Zwingle did, as merely a memorial; but even to Congregationalists this dismissal of its ecclesiastical character gave offense. When my father, about six months later, came before a Congregational Council for ordination, one clergyman objected to this passage as heretical. My father accepted the criticism, and said that in future editions he would modify the paragraph; and he subsequently did so by omitting altogether the illustrations of the branch and the procession. But I have no reason to think, either from the alteration made or from his subsequent writings, that he ever modified his essential view of the communion as a simple memorial service, with no special sacrificial significance —a service of real value in the Christian Church, but not essential to the Christian life or character.

The reader is not to think that I entered on my ministry fully equipped with this theology. My father's theology was the product of his experience. It was derived not from theological books, not even from the Bible, but from life. His appeal in his writings was not to theological authority, nor to proof texts, but to life. He believed in the Eternal Presence because God was personally present in his experience, and in the divinity of Jesus Christ because Jesus Christ was the model for his own life and the supreme object of his affectionate reverence. In character and conduct he seemed to my eyes then, and to my remembrance now, irreproachable. I do not recall any word he ever said which I thought should have been left unsaid, or any act he ever did which I thought should have been left undone. Yet he told me once that in his youth his besetting temptation was an impetuous temper. His belief that sinfulness is something more than sins was the product of battles which he fought within himself, but which his children knew nothing of. He reconciled free will and divine sovereignty because he freely devoted his life to doing the will of his heavenly Father. And he put little emphasis on forms, whether intellectual or ecclesiastical, because he concentrated his thought and feeling on life. He could no more impart to me his theology than he could impart to me his experience. I do not think he even tried. There was no attempt at formal instruction. We talked together while we worked together on the grounds or sat before the open wood fire in his room, and he answered my eager questionings. How much of the theology which I have outlined here he gave me then I cannot say. I only know that he put into my mind the clues which I subsequently

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followed, and which led me by a gradual process to accept his philosophy of life, because they inspired me with the aspiration to make his life and character my own.

On the 13th of October my father left Fewacres, whether for New York City or for Europe I do not now recall. My wife and I took possession of his rooms and I began my winter's course of study. I had marked it out for myself before leaving Brooklyn, after consultation with Mr. Beecher, Dr. Kirk, of Boston, and Dr. Calvin E. Stowe, of Andover Theological Seminary. Even before finally deciding to enter on the ministry I had written to my father-in-law describing what I thought was the true work of the minister and what should be the chief subjects of his study—his work, "the application of the principles of the Bible to human life and human experience;" his chief subjects of study, therefore, the Bible and human nature. This letter states so fully, though somewhat crudely, the conception of the ministry which has guided and controlled my whole ministerial work that I give it here entire. It should, however, be added that the spirit and work of the ministry has materially changed since this letter was written, and that it was too unqualified and indiscriminating in its criticisms even then. Youth is apt to be too eager and too impatient to be discriminating. The reader should note that this letter to my father-in-law was written a little before the letter of similar import quoted above, written by my own father to me:

"9 July, 1859.

"*Dear Father:*

"Thank you for a long letter received this morning. It is exactly what I wanted. Can you, however, tell me in addition what has been the principal cause of the troubles concerning which the three councils have been called which you have attended? Why is it changes are so frequently made? What has been your observation of the cause?

"So far as my limited observation has gone, it seems to me that very largely ministers fail to apprehend the true work of a minister, which I should thus state—the application of the principles of the Bible to human life and human experience.

"In the first place, it is the application of Bible truths. I do not think that ministers draw their inspiration from the Bible half enough. They apply the theology of the schools. They apply philosophical ethics. They draw their inspiration from commentaries, from theological works, from various philosophers, from history, far too little from the Bible.

"In the second place (and I think this error more common), they apply truth to everything except the wants of their own parishioners. They apply it to the sins of past ages; they preach against Pharaoh, against the various sins of Bible times, against the Pharisees, against the Roman Catholics in the time of Martin Luther, or against the tenets of an opposing denomination. But they do not know their own parish, or what the lives and experience of their congregation are. In short, it is the business of ministers to endeavor to cure moral diseases, and they do not know the diseases they are to cure. They do not study them. There are two things each of which it is equally important ministers should know: the Bible and human nature. They must know the disease as well as the remedy, the want as well as the supply. So that it seems to me (I write only theoretically of course) pastoral labor, so far from interfering with preaching, is essential as a means to its success, *i. e.*, as a means of study of life and experience.

"It seems to me that a minister who thus regarded preaching, if he were a man of a thoughtful mind, able to study human nature, understanding and appreciating Scripture truth, growing in knowledge and grace, and a man of love toward God and man, could not fail to be entirely relieved of two great and common drawbacks to the successful preaching of the word, viz.: (1) inertness of feeling, and (2) staleness of thought.

"It is true that no truth is new. But the applications of it are always new. Life (both inner and outer) is kaleidoscopic. Every turn of the glass shows a new combination. And I think a minister who habituates himself to the study of human life and human experience would never lack newness of thought. If a man's preaching is the reading of essays elaborated in the study and under the inspiration of a study by a student, they soon grow old and stale. Unless he is a man of most extraordinary ability of thought (which I am not) he soon runs his round of thought, uses his measure of illustrations, and is thereafter as lean as Pharaoh's kine, and grows no fatter on the best and most suggestive of books. While he who prepares his sermons in the midst of actual life, looking there not for inspiration but for wants and needs to be cured by truth —I think he would never grow stale.

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"As to feeling, if a minister rises in his pulpit with a sense that he is God's messenger to the people, that his congregation is a hospital, that every man has his disease, and that he has a remedy that will surely cure it if rightly appreciated by them, how can he lack feeling? How could a physician lack earnestness who was trying to persuade his patient, a child perhaps, to take a medicine necessary to its life? We should call him a brute if he were indifferent to its sufferings or anything but earnest for its relief—and it would be a libel on the brutes to call him one.

"One thing I know a minister needs: faith in God—the realization of things not seen. This must be the foundation of his character—as it should be of every Christian's, but especially of his. Here I feel I lack more than anything else. But I do not think God will leave me without the recognition and support of his presence if I honestly undertake the change. I am still in doubt about it."

Dr. Kirk had told me that "students don't have time to study the Bible in the theological seminary, but he would make it the main thing." This seemed to me then, and seems to me now, a very serious indictment of the theological seminary. Perhaps he was mistaken; perhaps the seminaries have reformed since; perhaps they assume that theological students have a general acquaintance with the English Bible before they enter the seminary, as colleges are said to assume that students know how to use the English language before they enter college—neither of which assumptions are justified by the facts. At all events, I agreed with Dr. Kirk that a knowledge of the Bible was the main thing, and I was quite sure that I had no such knowledge of it as I desired to have. Mr. Beecher, Dr. Kirk, and Professor Stowe all agreed in advising me that Alford's Greek Testament was the best existing commentary on the New Testament. In my present library are the so-called "Speaker's Commentary," Ellicott's Commentaries, Meyer's Commentary, and the "International Commentary," but I still regard Alford the best book for the man who wishes to use the Bible in the practical work of inculcating Christian principles, inspiring in his congregation the Christian spirit, and forming in them the Christian character. I used nearly all the little money I had for books in buying this commentary, Robinson's Lexicon of New Testament Greek, and Robinson's "Harmony of the Gospels." In outlining my plans for study to my father-in-law, I wrote him that I proposed "to read Alford's Greek Testament, the newest, best commentary, in the original Greek, carefully looking out the references, writing my own notes suggested by the study, and getting such information concerning manners and customs, history and bibliography, as I can from books within my reach." As to the Old Testament, "my present plan is not to study Hebrew, but to read through Townsend's Chronological Arrangement of the Old Testament, with Josephus, and perhaps some assistance from some commentaries." As incidental aids to this Bible study I proposed to read Robinson's "Biblical Researches in Palestine, Sinai, and Arabia" for geography, and Conybeare and Howson's "Life and Letters of Paul" for manners and customs. For theology I proposed to reread Sir William Hamilton's lectures on metaphysics, which I had studied in college, Mansel's "Limits of Religious Thought," and Combe's "Phrenology." To the last book I was attracted by Mr. Beecher's constant references to phrenology in his preaching. Other books I included in my plan of study, but rather as incidents than as essentials, such as Dwight's "Theology," Knapp's "Theology," Paley, Jeremy Taylor, and others. When I reached Farmington, I found in my Aunt Clara's library, derived from her husband, Calvin's "Institutes." As I have always been inclined to go to original sources as far as I could do so, I discarded Knapp and Dwight, and in their place read, with care, Calvin.

Of course certain of these books belonged to that epoch, as is the case with Mansel; and others have been supplanted by modern scholarship, as is the case with Townsend's Bible, which had come to me from my grandfather's library, and is, so far as I know, the first serious attempt to treat the Bible as a collection of Hebrew literature. But, considering my slender resources, the course was wisely laid out. The study of Alford, Conybeare and Howson, and Townsend laid the foundation for subsequent studies pursued with more adequate equipment, and for subsequent work both by the voice in the pulpit and by the pen in literary labors. The accompanying study of Sir William Hamilton prepared me to frame my own theology and to modify it with advancing years and enlarging experience. Every minister should

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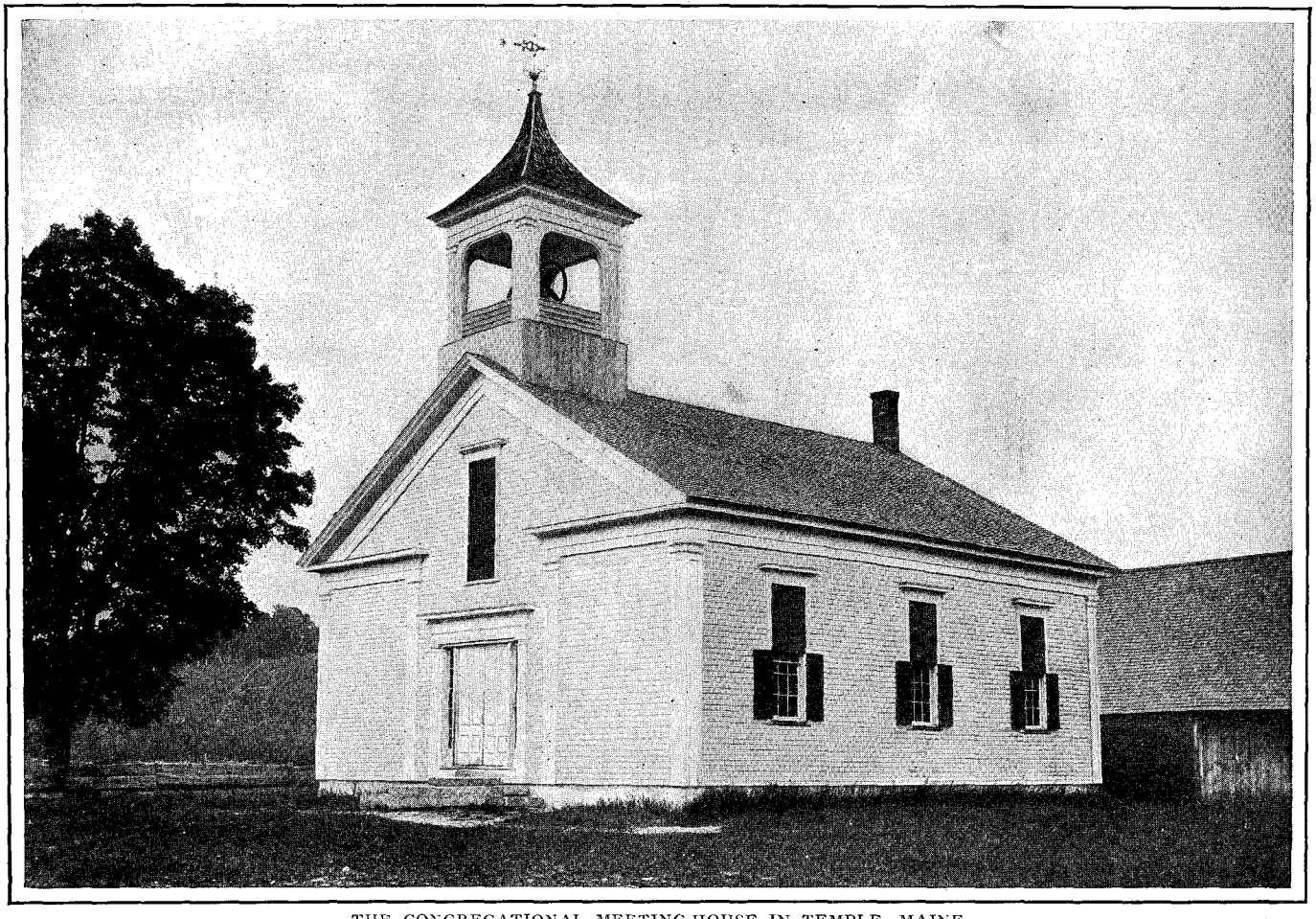

THE CONGREGATIONAL MEETING-HOUSE IN TEMPLE, MAINE

Here Lyman Abbott preached his first sermon, in the winter of 1859-60, before he had been licensed to preach. Soon after, he began to preach in the Congregational Church at Wilton, Maine (see pictures on page 991)

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have a theology. But it is best for him to make it for himself. For theology should always be the intellectual expression of a spiritual experience. If the student cannot make one for himself, but must accept it ready made, he must at least vitalize it with his spiritual experience; otherwise it will prove not an equipment but a handicap. Modern psychology has disregarded phrenology. But I still think the phrenology of Combe, Spurzheim, and Gall affords the most convenient classification of mental and emotional phenomena for practical use by the religious teacher.

There remains one important branch of a minister's education—homiletics, or the art of preaching. For this I had made no other preparation than a vague plan to write some sermons, which I proposed, with the audacity of youth, to ask Dr. Kirk to criticise for me. This plan was never carried out, for homiletics was taught me by a somewhat unique method.

I had been pursuing my studies for perhaps three or four weeks when one day two men from the village of Wilton, nine miles distant, called to see me. A new Congregational church had just been erected. The congregation had scarcely moved in before their pastor suddenly sickened and died. They wished to continue his salary to his widow until the first of January. This they could do only in case they could arrange for the supply of the pulpit without expense. Neighboring pastors had agreed to supply it so far as they could do so without injustice to their own parishes, but this would still leave several Sundays unsupplied. After January first the church could not expect to get candidates to come, in the dead of a Maine winter, to preach in what was not a specially desirable parish. Would I contribute my services for the unprovided Sundays before January first and preach for such compensation as they could give (how much it was I do not recall) after January first?

It is often said that one can always find reasons for doing what one wishes to do. It is equally true that reasons flock to one unsought for not doing what one wants very much to do. Of course I wanted very much to accept this invitation. For the privilege of preaching I had given up all that I had gained in six years' study and practice of law. I was eager to begin my ministry. Therefore I saw half a score of reasons why I could not. I was not prepared. I had never written a sermon in my life. I had no time to write sermons. I had come to Farmington to study. I had but a year at the most in which to do the work of preparation for which the seminaries allow three years, and I must not permit anything to interfere with that work. It would be very irregular, for I was not licensed, and could not expect the Congregational churches to license a student to preach at the very beginning of his studies. But the delegation which had called on me was insistent. Without my co-operation they could not pay the pastor's widow her greatly needed pension; and they would have to close their new church through the winter just when they were looking forward with such anticipation to a successful winter's campaign. I finally agreed to consult my Uncle John. My Uncle John was an enthusiast. Do it? Of course I could do it. Not prepared to preach? The way to learn to preach was to preach. No time to write sermons? No need to write sermons; preach without writing. Interfere with my studies? The fact that I had to preach on Sunday would give point to my studies. Irregular? Father Hackett at Temple, seven or eight miles away, was the oldest preacher in that region. Drive over there and ask him if it was irregular. I did so. Father Hackett welcomed me as the son of my father, the grandson of my grandfather, and the husband of a wife whose maternal grandfather, Benjamin Abbot, had been one of the oldest and most honored members of his parish. He invited me to preach for him the next Sunday, which I did; and he arranged for an early meeting of the local Congregational association, at which I was examined and by which I was duly licensed. My objections all met, I informed the Wilton church that I could spend no time in preparing sermons, but I would make the attempt to preach for them, and the experiment could last as long as they were satisfied, and stop when they were not. In fact, it continued until February, except for two or three weeks when my Uncle John was absent from his parish and I supplied his pulpit for him. Those were the weeks, I presume, selected by the neighboring ministers to supply the Wilton pulpit. My experience justified my expectation previously expressed to my father-in-law, that he who studied life would find themes for his pulpit. On November 24, after I had been preaching about six weeks, I wrote to him, "Sermons occur to me oftener than I have occasion to preach

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them;" and this, except for occasional brief periods of physical fatigue, has been true in my experience throughout my life.

Before leaving Brooklyn I had written to my father-in-law that "I do not mean to spend my study hours, when I get to work in the church, in specific preparation for special sermons if I can avoid it, but in general study, preaching from a constantly accumulating fund of knowledge and study, and studying for my sermons much more among men than among books." This invitation from Wilton gave me an opportunity to put this theory to the test. In truth, I had no option. I must either abandon my general preparation for the ministry or I must do my preaching "from a constantly accumulating fund of knowledge." Of course my experience in the courts and in debating societies in college, village, and city had given me some practice in extemporaneous speech and some confidence on my feet. I carried on my general studies in the Bible and in theology, especially the former, without interruption through the week. I do not remember that I ever touched pen to paper in preparation for the next Sunday's sermon, though I tried to get my theme in mind early in the week and let it lie there accumulating thoughts and illustrations in leisure hours. On Saturday afternoon I drove over to Wilton, an hour and a half or two hours' drive, and this was my time for putting my to-morrow's two sermons into shape. In Wilton I "boarded round," my host for each Sunday giving me the invitation the preceding Sunday. Sunday morning I asked for a warm room where I might be by myself to prepare for the service. I generally began by writing fairly fully the first part of my morning sermon and full notes for the latter part, and followed the example of the old New England divines, by making my afternoon sermon one of practical application of the doctrine of the morning sermon. After service I drove back to Farmington, and was ready Monday morning to go on with my general studies.

Speaking in large measure extemporaneously, I watched my congregation, as in the law I had watched the judge and the jury, to see whether or not I was getting their attention and carrying their minds with me. The true extemporaneous speaker does not talk *to* his congregation; he talks *with* them, and receives as well as gives. This habit, which has stayed with me through life, was intensified by an incident which gave me at the time something of a jar. My host on one Sunday was the village lawyer, who was not a great church-goer and had the reputation of rather liking to poke fun at the minister. I was therefore agreeably surprised when he said to me at dinner, "Mr. Abbott, you produced a very profound impression by your sermon this morning." Embarrassed as well as pleased by the unexpected compliment from so distinguished a member of my congregation, I mumbled such acknowledgment as I could, and he continued; "Yes; I do not think I have ever seen so great an impression produced in that church. You kept Squire —— awake as much as fifteen minutes." After that Squire —— became a kind of thermometer to me. I kept my eye upon him and measured the influence of my eloquence by his wakefulness. I do not think I ever kept him awake through the whole sermon. He was evidently suffering from the disease which my brother Austin subsequently termed *somnia*. To keep him awake and attending for fifteen minutes was a victory.

I may say in passing that the method of preparation for the pulpit formed in me by this winter's experience in Wilton I have followed ever since. I have throughout my life spent my week in general courses of study, and preached my sermon and written my article out of a reservoir which these courses of study kept full. I have been more solicitous to have something worth saying than to say it in the best form. Doubtless had I expended more time and thought on the sermon it would have been better literature and perhaps better worth printing, but I doubt if it would have been a better message. I am never complimented as an "eloquent orator," but I am often thanked for "the talk you gave us this morning;" and the thanks are worth more than the compliment. The reason why churches want young men for their pulpits is not because they are enamored of youth. It is because they want fresh truth, freshly conceived and freshly put by the preacher. He who spends all his time in writing sermons and leaves no time for general study soon grows stale in thought.

The winter passed quickly away. Only two incidents broke its quiet and enjoyable routine.

For the first time in its history the young people, with the enthusiastic support of its temporary preacher, trimmed the Puritan

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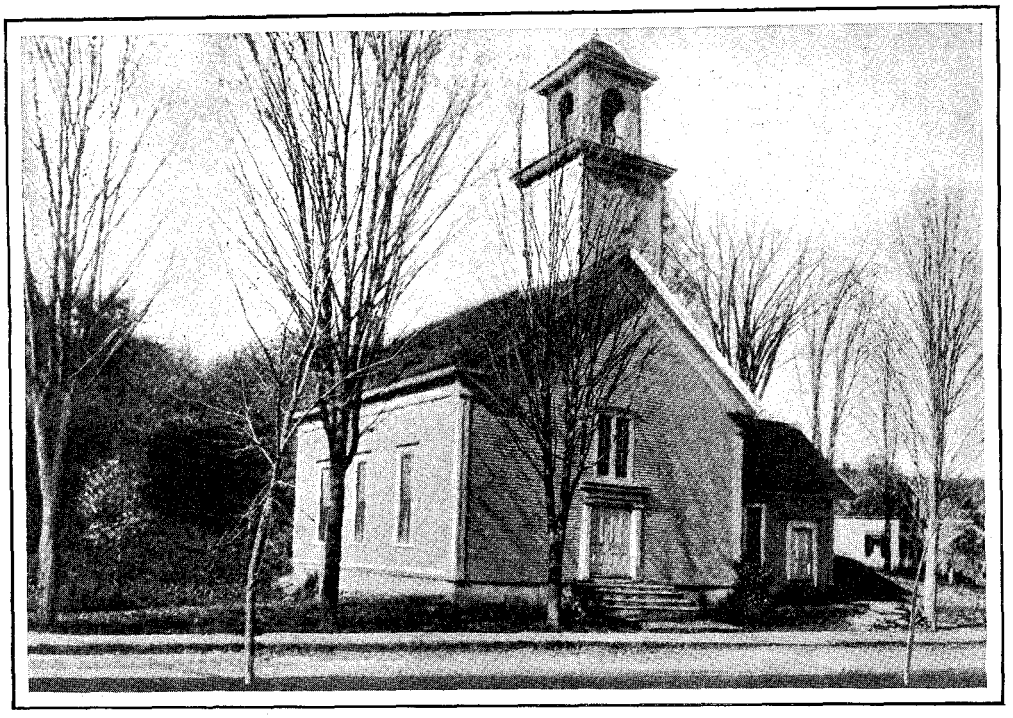
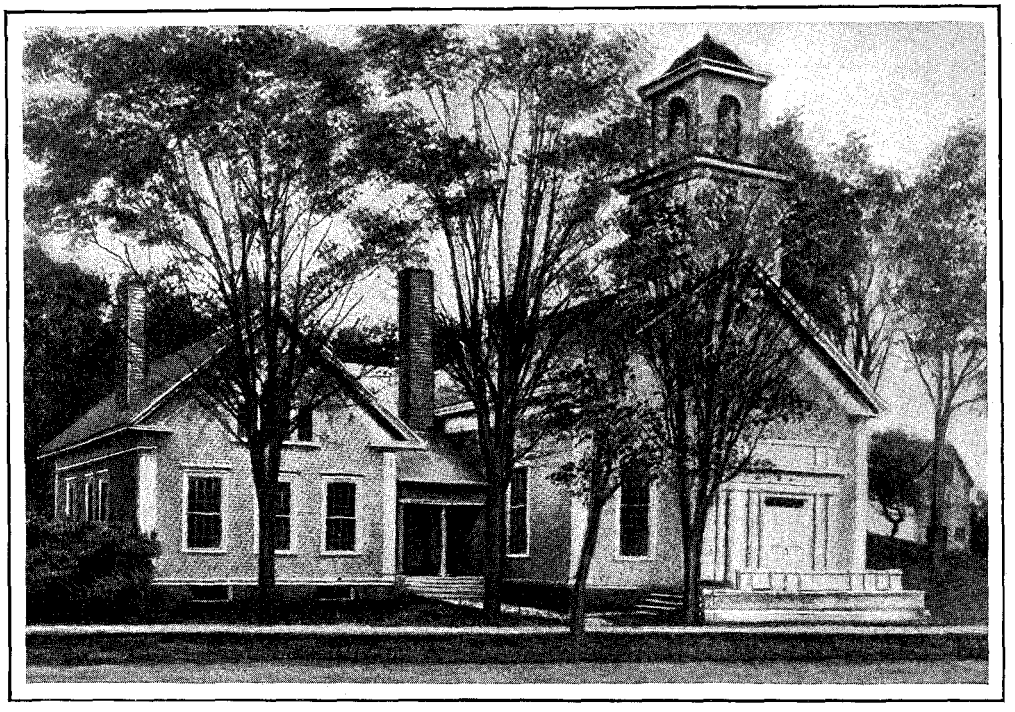


THE CHURCH AS IT WAS IN 1859

This picture shows the front of the building substantially as it appeared in 1859-60. Dr. Abbott preached here for several weeks during that winter, while pursuing his studies for the ministry



THE CHURCH AS IT APPEARS AT PRESENT

The building was remodeled four or five years ago, and the parish house added. The exterior on the north side remains in some respects as it was when Dr. Abbott preached his first sermon here, though the entrance is new

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH AT WILTON, MAINE

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church in Farmington at Christmas with evergreens. My uncle was absent at the time, and I was in his place; but I had his approval, and the work was carried on under the direction of some of his children. On Saturday evening, as we were sweeping out the débris and preparing the church for the service on the morrow, one of the "old-timers" came in, looked at the unaccustomed sight, and grumbled out the complaint, "These young people would have done better to have spent this time on their knees." I wanted to ask him if he had spent the time on his knees, but had the wisdom to say nothing.

The other episode was a visit in February to a logging camp in the heart of the Maine woods, thirty-five miles from the nearest considerable village and fourteen miles from the nearest house. From an account written at the time for the New York "Independent" I extract this description:

"The camps are made without walls, in the form of a tent, or like the roof of a house set down upon the ground. The one we visited was twenty-eight feet long, twenty-three feet wide, and about ten feet high from the floor to the peak. Each end was in the form of the gable of a roof, or the letter A, and was made of logs piled one upon another. From one gable to the other ran rafters of logs. These were about two feet apart. To them were nailed what are called 'splits.' These are a kind of rough shingle, made of pine or cedar with the woodman's ax, and were perhaps eight inches wide and two or three feet long. They are put on like shingles, lapping over one another. The roof thus constructed is entirely covered with snow, so that at first sight the camp presents the appearance of an enormous snow-drift. Within there is neither chimney nor fireplace. In the center of the camp is a fire made of logs some six feet long, placed on two piles of stone, which answer the purpose of andirons. Over the fire a hole is cut in the center of the roof. Sometimes the smoke finds its way out of this hole—sometimes not. You enter a door in one of the gable ends. On one side of the door a wash-basin and two pails of water, well iced, are kept; near by is the grindstone; on the other side is a pile of wood for the night's use. At the other gable end, occupying about six feet of the length of the camp, is a table running across from side to side, at which the meals are taken. Between the front entry and the dining-hall, on either side of the fire, are the beds. These are made by laying down evergreen boughs and placing over them a rough sort of comforter for the bed, and over that another for the coverlid. The men sleep with their heads under the eaves and their feet toward the fire. Between these beds and the fire there is on each side a long piece of plank running nearly the length of the camp from the front entry to the dining-hall. These are called the 'deacon seats,' and with the benches at the table and a wooden stool by the grindstone constitute all the seats which the camp affords. Over the beds the camp roof is lined inside as well as out with splits, and the camp we slept in was as warm and comfortable as an unplastered house could well be.

"A little removed from the camp is another of somewhat similar construction, a little more imposing in appearance, however, and built with low walls. This is the stable, and is called the 'cattle hovel.' . . . The loggers are rough-barked, but for the most part solid timber at least. A more honest, truthful, and kind-hearted set of men I never saw. Their readiness to oblige one another even at some self-denial would have done great credit in circles much more polished in all external rules of etiquette. They were mahogany in the rough—but they were mahogany. And solid timber, though rough, is worth more than veneering, however polished. We visited three camps, and spent three days and a half and four nights at one of them. We saw no intoxication or any sign of the use of spirituous liquors, nor did we once see any quarreling even in words."

In this particular camp the campers were divided into two groups, one of ardent Methodists, the other of men who probably never entered a church. These groups not only lived in fellowship that might well have served as a pattern for more cultured communities, but indulged in a good-humored rivalry of song at night. First the Methodist leader would start a revival hymn, which his comrades would take up; then the opposite leader would start a song distinguished by its lack of spiritual quality (to put it mildly), joined in by his comrades. But on Sunday both groups united in asking me to conduct a service, which I was very glad to do. "To an observer the scene would have appeared irregular enough: the minister dressed in a blue flannel shirt, open in front, and disclos-

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ing a red flannel shirt underneath; the congregation lying upon the beds or sitting in various attitudes upon the benches before the fire."

Before the spring opened I had grown eager to get to my regular work. I wanted a home of my own. I wanted a parish of my own. It is true that I had written in 1856 to her who was to be my wife that, if I went into the ministry, "I think I should only do the preaching successfully, and I think I should preach out before long." Nevertheless, I wanted to be something more than a mere preacher. I wanted a congregation which I could study and a parish in which I could do personal work. I wanted to be, not a lecturer, but a pastor, a counselor, a friend. I was invited to make Wilton my parish. It had some strong attractions for me. But there were serious objections. In a letter to my father-in-law I put the pros and cons. I was attached to the people; my father's and grandfather's reputation added to my influence; the parish was small, and I wanted a small parish in order to go on with my studies. But neither the village nor the county was growing in population; the young and enterprising men went West or to the large towns, and the young women married and did the same. I would like to be a little more within the reach of the world's tide waters and, on my wife's account, nearer her friends. And I felt that there was a better opportunity for useful work in a growing community of young people than any inland village of Maine could afford. In addition, I feared the effect of the Maine climate on my wife's health, both of whose parents had suffered from lung disease. On the 7th of February I was summoned to New York to give some needed testimony, I presume, in some legal matter in which I had been engaged when associated with my brothers in the law. I resolved to seize that opportunity to look for a parish. If I found none, I would return to Wilton.

One incident in connection with this visit to New York exercised a real, though indeterminate, influence upon my character. On the 27th of February Abraham Lincoln made his famous Cooper Union speech. It was his first speech in the Eastern campaign which had been arranged for him by his friends. I succeeded in getting a ticket and hearing the address. It was the only time I ever saw Mr. Lincoln. My recollection of the scene is little more than a memory of a memory: the long hall with the platform at the end, not at the side, as now; the great, expectant, but not enthusiastic crowd; the tall, ungainly figure, the melancholy face, the clear carrying voice, the few awkward gestures. Reading over that speech now, I can discern in it elements of power which I was in no critical mood to discern then: its Anglo-Saxon words, its simple sentence structure, its intellectual and moral unity, its steady and irresitible progress from premise to conclusion. But even then it seemed to me the most compelling utterance I had ever heard. I had been many times more thrilled by Mr. Beecher. But the impulses which Mr. Beecher's more fervent oratory had created in me Mr. Lincoln's unoratorical address welded into an invincible resolve. Conscience makes cowards. New York was afraid. The spirit of Abraham Lincoln's address was embodied in its closing sentence: "Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us dare to the end to do our duty as we understand it." That faith I had inherited from my father, and my pastor had kindled it into a passion. What that single speech of Abraham Lincoln did to give to that faith steadfastness of courage I did not know then and cannot adequately estimate now. I only know that it stood me in good stead in after trying days.

Possibly the ingenuity of man could devise a worse method for the churches to adopt in securing a pastor than the one adopted by the Congregationalists, and largely also by other Protestant denominations; but my imagination is not equal to conceiving a method that would be worse. When the young man is ready for a parish, he secures as best he can a list of vacant parishes in the general region in which he would like to settle. He gets the year-book of his denomination and looks up the records to find the statistics of these churches: How large is the congregation? how large the Sunday-school? how much the benevolences contributed? what salary is paid? When he has picked out a church, or two or three churches, which suit him, he writes to them, or gets some friend to write for him, to obtain an invitation to preach for them some Sunday as a candidate. That is, he asks a chance to preach, not to convert sinners or edify saints, but to let the sinners and the saints see how he can preach. "The candidate," said my Uncle John to me, "goes into the pulpit and says, 'I have come to show you what I can

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do. I will show you how well I can read Scripture. I will read the fifth chapter of Matthew. I will show you how well I can preach. My text is the seventeenth verse. I will show you how well I can pray. Let us pray.' "

There was nothing in my adventures in search of a parish either more or less humiliating than in the analogous experience of all candidates. But it was intolerably humiliating to me. It was in vain that my wise wife urged me to be patient. I was not patient, and I am afraid I did not even wish to be. It was my first and last experience of candidating. I wrote to churches; I asked friends to write for me to churches; I got letters of introduction to forward to churches; I looked up churches in the year-book and towns in the gazetteer; I interviewed friends who might know of churches or know some one who did; and I preached in successive churches to show the congregations what I could do. I resolved then that I would never go through that experience again, and I never did. When, in 1869, I left my parish in New York City and retired to Cornwall-on-the-Hudson for a three months' vacation, it was with the resolve that if I must be a candidate in order to preach again I would never preach. In fact, rather than pass again through the humiliating experience of a candidate in search of a parish, I remained for seventeen years out of true parish work, though not out of pulpit work, devoting myself to a ministry through the pen, the pulpit supply of a small church in the immediate vicinity, and occasional preaching away from home. My candidating tour in 1860 was brought suddenly to a close by an invitation which came to me unsought. It came to me in this way:

I was in New York City. A friend told me that Mr. Henry C. Bowen, the proprietor of the New York "Independent," wanted to see me. I called to see him, and he handed me a letter from a merchant of Terre Haute, Indiana. "Answer that," he said. He was a man of few words, and said not much more. I have not the letter. I probably returned it to him. But as I now recall it, it was to this effect: "You have supplied our house with dry-goods for many years very satisfactorily. Now we want to know if you cannot supply our church with a minister. Our preacher, Dr. Jewett, has been here for a quarter of a century. He has taken a year's leave of absence. It is doubtful whether he ever returns. He may. We want a supply for our pulpit for the year; a permanent pastorate may perhaps grow out of it. Dr. Jewett is one of the most popular preachers in the State; his successor should be a good preacher; he should have had some experience; should have had a good theological education. A man without family would be preferred, as the post may not be permanent." I wrote at once for information, and gave such information as I could; as that I had had no experience, that I had never been in a theological seminary, and that I had a wife and child. Perhaps the frankness of my reply, perhaps some word from Mr. Bowen, served to satisfy the committee. I received almost immediately the following response. The writer was then an entire stranger to me. He and his wife became afterward to us the warmest and most loved of friends:

Terre Haute, March 2, 1860.

Dear Sir:

Your favor of the 27 ult. was received yesterday. Also one from H. C. Bowen, Esq. Both letters are very satisfactory. The Trustees had a consultation this morning and decided to make you the following proposition. We will employ you for one year at a salary of one thousand dollars, provided the arrangement should prove satisfactory to both parties. By this I mean that if on trial you should not be satisfied to remain, or we for any reason should be dissatisfied with you, the engagement may be *terminated*, but in a way satisfactory and just to both parties. From this I would not have you infer that *we* feel any apprehension; on the contrary, from your letters everything seems as promising as we could wish. As to the probability of your being permanently settled I can say that, in case of mutual satisfaction, there is a strong *probability* that you might be, nay almost a *certainty*. In case of your settlement we might offer you a salary of from $1,200 to $1,500. We have paid our pastor for the last ten years from $800 to $1,500 per annum, which is as much as any minister in the place has been paid, and one-third more than two-thirds of them have received.

We have *no parsonage*. Dwellings for rent are scarce now, but we think a good and convenient one may be had after a while for about $200. We have good hotels and some good private boarding-houses. There is but the one Congregational church in the place. We have the best church edifice, and the largest *congregation* (except the Methodist) in the place. Our church and congregation embraces many of the most prominent business men here. On the whole we regard it as a very promising field for

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usefulness. I know of no place where the right man would be likely to accomplish more good.

Meanwhile I had written asking a friend to make inquiries of Mr. Beecher, who had spent eight years of his ministry in Indianapolis, and knew Terre Haute. His information I thus summarized in a subsequent letter to my father-in-law: "Terre Haute is a vigorous, growing, intelligent city—the finest in Indiana, if not the finest, all things considered, in the West. The society is excellent and the moral tone of the place good, and there is any quantity of heathen within an hour or two's ride. In fact, the counties round about Terre Haute are unmistakably missionary ground. The city itself is unexceptionable for beauty, climate, health, and society. The church is a first-class active, living church, with a set of the best men in the State attached to it—best for *character*. It would need a first-class man, and he [Mr. Beecher] would think it a capital place for me. And he does not think I should be so driven but that I could study as much as would be good for me. How much that may be I cannot say."

I went back to Farmington and told my wife that we had been praying to God to open a door for us; he had opened two—one in Wilton and one in Terre Haute; I was not inclined to shut both doors in his face and ask him to open another.

My wife was not inclined to either parish. The objections to Wilton I have already stated. My wife, born in Maine, brought up from early childhood in Boston, never having been out of New England, had no inclinations for the West. Her prudence—she was always more prudent than I—saw special objections to Terre Haute. On March 7 she had written me, "As to Terre Haute, I confess I am unable to see any inducement to go there. The place is temporary, at a great distance from us, so that the journey would be expensive, and moving our furniture impracticable. All is uncertainty, and it seems to me there is great risk." But at almost the same time she had written me, "I feel perfectly confident that your decision will be a good one, and you are surrounded by friends whose advice is valuable, so that I feel not the least anxiety about your decision." When I put the alternative before her, her reply was that when I decided where I was going she should certainly go with me. Not without some misgivings I decided upon Terre Haute. The decision once made, it was characteristic of her to make it her own and to write to her father the following brave defense of "our" decision:

Entirely unsought this application from Terre Haute came, and very careful inquiries with regard to the place and people, of every one who could advise us, make us feel that the place is very advantageous. There are many disadvantages, but, on the whole, taking the advice of our friends (Dr. Kirk quite decidedly approved our going), we think that we cannot do better than to go there for a few months. We shall never have a better opportunity to see the West. We shall have a wide field of usefulness and shall be doing something, while otherwise we might spend some weeks at least in looking for a place. One idea is to go for the *summer* or *possibly* a year, keeping a lookout for a pleasant New England place and keeping Lyman's name before the public as only temporarily supplying the pulpit in Terre Haute, and then whenever the right place occurs we can come and take it. The experience will be beneficial and it will give him more influence here, that he has had the care of an influential church in Terre Haute.

Before going it was very desirable that I should be ordained, that I might legally perform wedding ceremonies and without impropriety administer the sacraments. In the Congregational churches, when a man desires to be ordained to the ministry, a council of neighboring Congregational churches is called. It is attended by the minister and one lay delegate from each church. The candidate describes his spiritual experience and his "call to the ministry" and defines his theological views. An oral examination follows, participated in by all the members of the council, both lay and clerical; and, if satisfactory, he is ordained with appropriate services. Such a council was called by the Farmington church. The paper which I read was a brief and simple statement of what was known then as the New School theology. It lies before me now. It indicates either that my father's theological views had not taken possession of me or that I thought the council wanted a purely and coldly intellectual statement, and that I tried to give them what, in that respect, they wanted. It is as little like a statement of religious faith as a skeleton is like a living man. It would be interesting only to the theological reader, and hardly to him. It interests me only because it indicates in a striking manner the change which has taken place during the last sixty years, not so much in my intellectual convictions as in the nature of my faith, and this interests me

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because I think it is typical of a change which has taken place generally in the churches and the ministry. My statement consists of sixteen propositions which, with one exception, seem to me now hardly more spiritual than an equal number of propositions in Euclid's Geometry. These abstract philosophical propositions included a statement and definition of the doctrines of the fall of man, hereditary depravity, and expiatory sacrifice for sin, a universal offer of salvation, a limited acceptance of it, and eternal punishment because eternal sin. Some of the propositions in that confession of faith I should now accept, some I should now reject, but no one of them as mere intellectual statements would interest me. The only clause in this confession of faith which does interest me is the last one, which I here reaffirm. It has been confirmed by the experience and observation of a lifetime:

"Finally, I believe that all creeds and confessions of faith are fallible and imperfect; that true religion is in the heart; that he whose life is most nearly assimilated to that of the Lord Jesus Christ, in his spiritual communion with God and his active, self-denying love toward men, manifests thereby the best evidence of true religion, while he, no matter what his creed or his professions may be, who does not in his daily life manifest somewhat of the spirit of Christ is 'none of his.'" It is because the propositions in my ordination statement were of the head and not of the heart that they no longer interest me except as a historical curiosity.

In the Congregational churches it is customary on ordination occasions to invite ministers of other denominations who may be present to sit on the council and take part in its proceedings, though without a vote. The Methodist minister and a Calvinist of the old and strict type used their privilege of examination to conduct a theological discussion by propounding questions to me, such as:

Calvinist. How would you interpret the text, "No man can come to me, except the Father which hath sent me draw him"?

Methodist. How would you interpret the text, "Let him that is athirst come"?

Calvinist. How would you interpret the text, "Whom he did predestinate, them he also called; and whom he called, them he also justified; and whom he justified, them he also glorified"?

Methodist. How would you interpret the text, "Give diligence to make your calling and election sure"?

This fencing match gave entertainment to the spectators and did no harm to any one. My answers must have been fairly satisfactory, for I was ordained as an evangelist without objection from either Old School or New School representatives in the council. This was on the twentieth day of March, 1860. On the thirty-first day of March we arrived in Terre Haute. It was almost to a day seven months after we had arrived in Farmington for a winter of preparation for my new profession. My eagerness to get at work had shortened my anticipated year of preparation about one-half. My father's counsels in his letters of July 15 and 31 had undoubtedly encouraged me to cut short my preliminary preparation, as they stimulated me to continue my preparation after I had received ordination and had entered on my pastoral work.

In the next installment of his Reminiscences Dr. Abbott, under the title "A Mid-Western Parish during the Civil War," tells of his life and experiences as pastor of the Congregational church in Terre Haute, Indiana.——Dr. Abbott desires to express his appreciation and thanks to correspondents who have either corrected errors or supplemented statements of fact contained in the preceding chapters of these Reminiscences. He will be glad to avail himself of this information when the Reminiscences are published in book form

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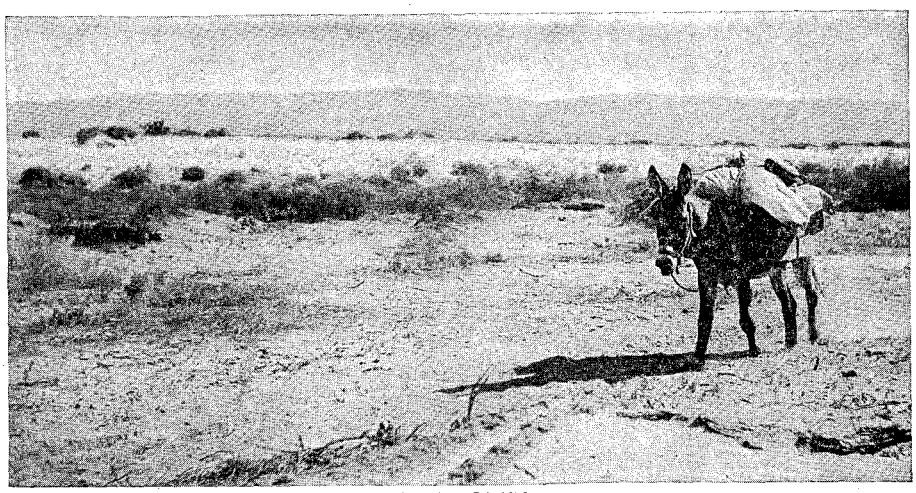
THE CALIFORNIA DESERT AS A PLEASURE RESORT

BY CHARLES FRANCIS SAUNDERS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



THE DESERT NEAR INDIO, AND THE DESERT TRAVELER'S MOST RELIABLE FRIEND

THE proposal of a trip to the desert for recreation is apt to strike an American used only to conventional outings as something of a joke. Nevertheless upon some natures the desert exerts a spell as potent as is that cast over others by the mountains or the sea. Since the infancy of the race prophets and poets have found it a well of spiritual refreshment; Ishmaelites of every age, fleeing to it for sanctuary, have for love of it remained in it, themselves and their children's children; the invalids of body have drawn healing from its arid austerities. Of recent years practical American agriculturists, following in the wake of the desert Indians, have managed to convert parts of our Western deserts into oasis gardens in which the fig and the date, the orange, the almond, and the vine, flourish in Oriental luxuriance, and cattle wade belly-deep in pools of alfalfa. And now the jaded pleasure-seeker has caught wind of it, and, running his motor car into its sun-scorched spaces, finds novelty of adventure and a new thrill; playing with the death that walks its unwatered sands, he even gets a spiritual jar sometimes that may amount to a real awakening, for there is that about the desert that seems close to another world, reminding a man that he has a soul, and that the world has a spiritual side to it.

With the advent of the tourist the American desert—in California, at least—is beginning to grow resorts. A hundred miles east from Los Angeles two passes make travel easy across the San Bernardino Sierra, which, as by a wall, parts the coast country from the desert. One, the Cajon, is the gateway of the Mojave; the other, the San Gorgonio, leads down into the Colorado Desert, to the Imperial Valley, Yuma, and El Paso—to old Mexico, if you will. This latter pass, just east of the city of Redlands, is magnificently guarded by the colossal peaks of San Gorgonio and San Jacinto, whose lofty summits are crowned with snow for six months in the year. It is a lovely pass at any season, but every spring there comes over it a special beauty, when the fruit orchards transform it into a sea of pink and white blossoms—almond, apricot, peach, and apple—and wild poppies and lupines dye the roadsides gloriously in gold and blue. Through the pass of San Gorgonio you may drive your

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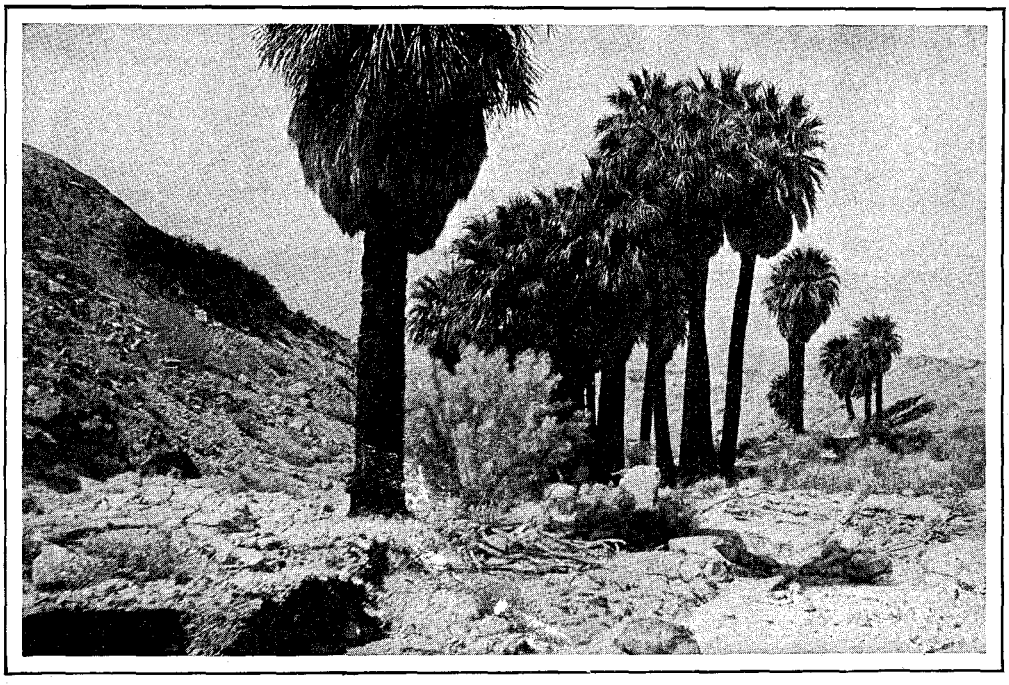
car or your horse, or travel by train if that be more to your mind, and find to your astonishment that the California desert has a very comfortable side to it. At Palm Springs village, at Indio, at Mecca—to mention a few among many—you find green oases of man's making where you may dine comfortably and even luxuriously in courses from soup to ices and "small black," creations of a Japanese cook; smoke your *puro* in the murmurous shade of palms and pepper trees; and drop off to your siesta with the tinkle of running waters in the roadway and the melody of the latest Caruso record from the hotel gramophone dying on your drowsy ears.

So far the lure of these desert hamlets has mostly caught the health-seekers, particularly those with disordered respiratory systems, for whom abundant sunshine combined with extreme dryness of atmosphere is a prime desideratum; but there is also a steadily growing interest on the part of the general public. During the winter and early spring the remarkable climate is an attraction which in itself is worth the trip—when the wind does not blow. Artists and literary folk are finding it a good place to retreat to for work, and are establishing winter studios here and there; and I know near Mecca two women painters who, with an eye to property that shall accumulate while they sleep, have taken up a tract of Government land, and do the needful assessment work in the intervals of plying their brushes. Even prosy men of business are learning to get enjoyment out of the desert, and you occasionally find such dreaming away a holiday or two or a week-end in hammocks under the oleanders in pure *far niente*, liking the utter relaxation that they find nowhere else. Some, even, have gone to the extent of buying a bit of land and putting up little cottages there, with airy, screened verandas, and interiors cozy with easy-chairs, Indian baskets, jars, and blankets, books, pictures, and hospitable stone fireplaces—for winter evenings even on the desert are cool. Palm Springs, so far, has the cream of their business, and you may meet there transient visitors from as far away as San Francisco, which is six hundred miles. One tired man comes to mind as I write who every morning after breakfast would walk half a mile to an abandoned shack in the desert, and there, in such profundity of stillness as San Francisco never dreamed of, would read his yesterday's paper and watch for "his caravan to arrive," as he phrased it, from across the gleaming sands. It came in the shape of restored nervous vigor and a balanced sense of life's proportions, and when he went back to his city desk it was with the



A GROUP OF NATIVE FAN PALMS AT THE MOUTH OF A CANYON

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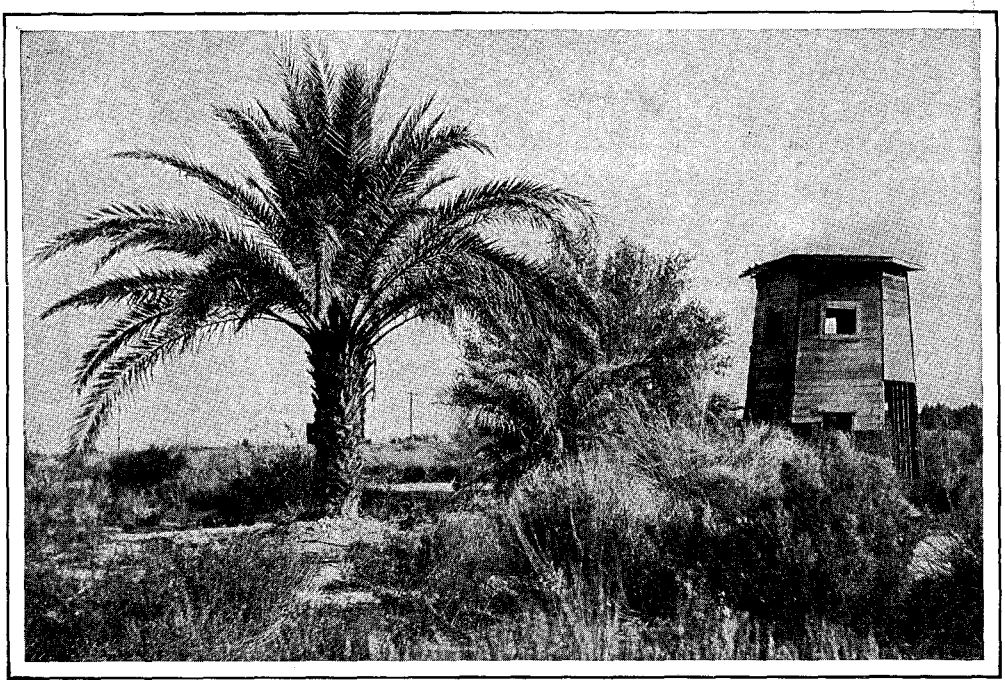

DATE PALM ON AN ABANDONED RANCH, COACHELLA VALLEY

mental freshness of one who had drunk at the Fountain of Youth.

Optimistic promoters are planning a California Biskra on this desert, with whitewashed adobe houses shaded by date palms, and water purling in the gutters of the street, where tourists may come to loll away the delicious winter days. It is perhaps early yet for that, though it is not altogether an idle dream. The Coachella Valley, its contemplated situation, is a depression below sea-level extending from Indio to Mecca on the confines of the Salton Sea, whose shallow waters spread, a lonely brackish lake, for forty miles to the eastward, whither desert anglers are wont to repair when they go a-fishing. The valley is a fertile sink, the bed of an ancient fresh-water lake, and ten years of experiment have proved that the date will thrive there in perfection; while water is obtainable by any one whose bank account is fat enough to pay for sinking wells. Dates from that region have already begun to appear in the markets, and young date palms, set in rows in the fields like corn plants, are a familiar sight as one travels the valley. The Coachella country is at present six or seven hours from Los Angeles by train or motor car, and with the expected improvement of the desert roads, which, it must be owned, are as yet heavy enough in places to be dangerous for automobilists not schooled in fighting sand, the accessibility will be substantially increased.

Like fishing, the desert is pre-eminently the contemplative man's recreation. Subtly it weaves its net of fascination about you, as you lie in your blankets and watch the daffodil sky of dawn, and drink in the while the crystal purity of the morning air; or as you stretch your length on the warm sands, some winter noon, and bathe your being in the intense sunshine that stimulates, not enervates; or as you study from some elevation those shifting, indefinite colors that give to the desert its peculiar aspect of mystery and unreality, with one glory of the morning and another of the evening; or, again, at night, as the serene stars seem stooping to you on your cot beneath them, dropping to you the gift of peace. Then there are trails for you to follow on horseback or afoot, canteen on shoulder, among the hills that break up the monotony of the desert floor into vales of quietness and rock-girt canyons. Perhaps you may overtake there a prospector and his burro, as I did one morning. Chatting with him as we walked together, I had a glimpse into a sort of life I had little thought of before—the gold-hunter's. He invited me to share his bit of luncheon with him, which we had in the shade of a mesquite

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THE MOUNTAIN TRAIL TO VANDEVENTER'S FLAT, LOOKING TOWARD THE DESERT

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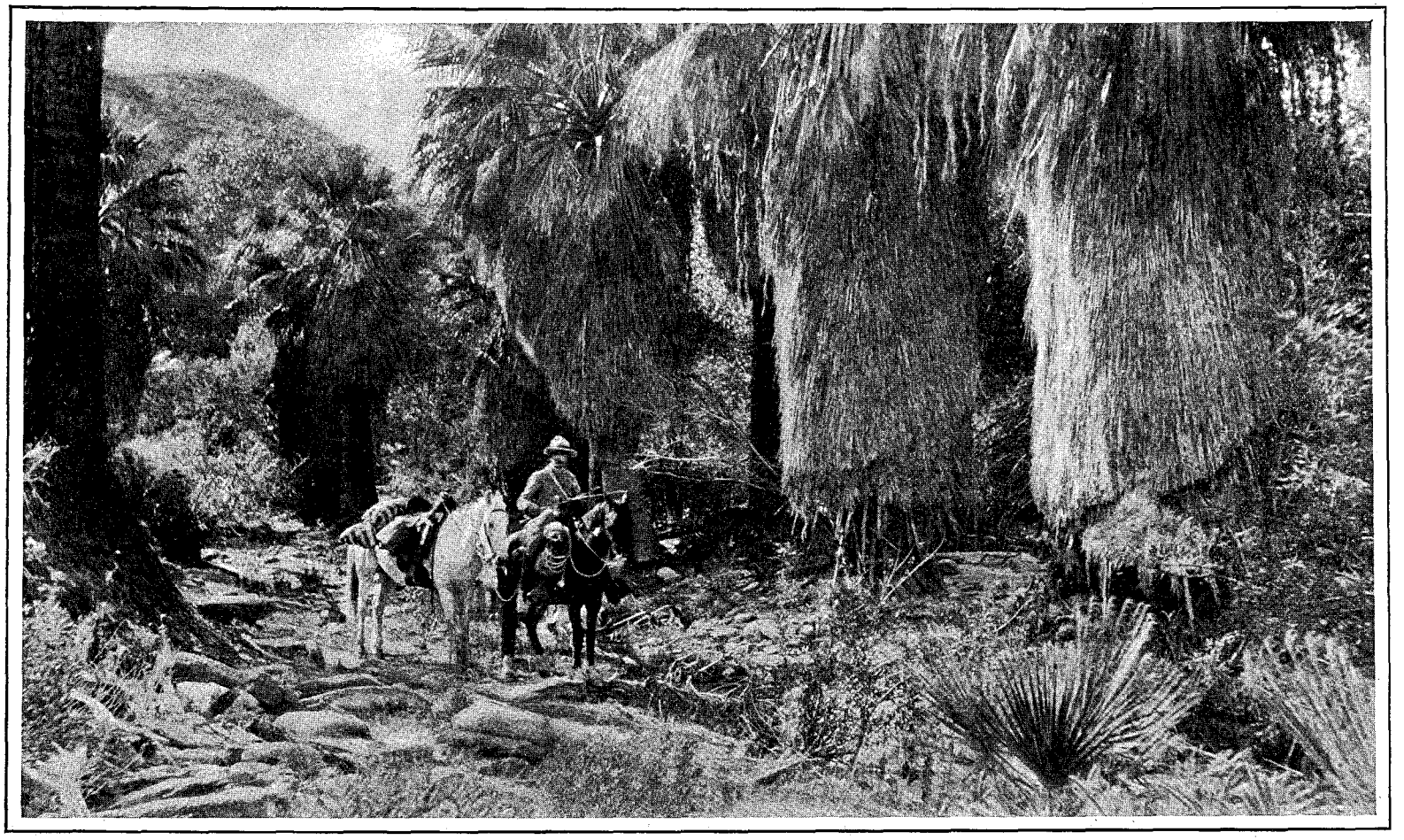

FAN PALMS IN PETTICOATS. THESE PALMS ARE IN PALM CANYON, IN THE COLORADO DESERT OF CALIFORNIA

In their natural state the palm trunks are thus clothed with the reflexed old leaves. Only fire, accidental or intentional, has made many trees bare

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hummock. He made a neat little fire of a few sticks, not wasting a twig, and from his canteen poured just enough water for two tin cups of tea, and a palmful to wash his hands with, catching the drippings in another tin for rinsing.

"The desert is a great teacher of economy," he remarked, waving his hands in the air to dry them, "and in nothing more than in wood and water. People who live where there is plenty of both don't realize how much more they use than is needful."

Both among the sunny hills and on the open sands in March and April there are such wild gardens of bloom as will fairly startle you with their brilliancy—blue lupines and larkspurs, creamy evening primroses, poppies orange and white, and golden desert daisies; mentzelias, abronias, daleas, pentstemons, and gilias; cactuses in yellow, pink, and red, white-flowered yuccas, and flaming candlewood—all these and a hundred more in colorful mats and ribbons in the washes and dotted about the plains. But perhaps the most impressive sight of the desert plant life is furnished by the fan palms. They are of a variety found only in California, and there only within a restricted area of this Colorado Desert region, occasionally in open desert, but usually at the mouth of canyons, in soil always kept moist by alkaline streams or springs. At the base of the San Jacinto Mountain, between Palm Springs and Indian Wells, is a sequestered gorge known as Palm Canyon, famous for the abundance and beauty of its fan palms, forming one of the most enchanting natural forests in the United States. A trail follows the course of a clear mountain stream that pursues its way desertward in the bed of the canyon, and as your horse bears you through the palmy aisles it will be hard, I think, for you to believe that you are not a rider in a dream. Palms in front of you, behind you, and on either hand; seedling palms pushing bristling fans from out the leaf-mold of the trail's side; palms of sober middle age with trunks draped in a shingling of the reflexed dead leaves; patriarchal palms, with fire-blackened boles rising in slender columns fifty, sixty, or eighty feet without a leaf to a crown of glistening verdure. You may follow the main canyon and its various branches for miles in the shadow of these noble trees; but whether you go so far or but a little way, do not hurry off. A wood like this is too rare to be frittered away. Strew yourself a springy mattress of the arrowweed which lines the stream, and give yourself unreservedly to the enchantment of a night in this unconventional forest primeval where is neither murmuring pine nor hemlock, nor beard of moss. Instead, the mistletoe hangs in witches' brooms in the mesquite clumps and scents the air with its penetrating fragrance; and, lifted into the darkness high above you by the tall trunks that your camp-fire reddens, the clustered fans of the palms rustle in musical response, as the fingers of the night wind draw across them.

To the lover of the strenuous life, too, the desert makes offerings. Among these must be counted the high mountains that look down upon it—sun-scorched and dry on their desert faces as the desert itself, of which indeed they form the rim. Their dizzy pinnacles and battlements are the home of the mountain sheep, the lynx, and the cougar; and some day of your desert visit you will yield to the call of the pines that crest those far-away heights. Few trails, and those so faint as to be surely followed only by the Indian or the experienced mountaineer, traverse that highland wilderness. The highest peak is San Jacinto, to the west, and the rise of that colossal mass almost in a perpendicular from the sea-level of the desert to 10,800 feet above tide, an abrupt wall of two miles, is a unique feature among our mountains. Many are higher, but none furnish so stupendous an uplift as this does from the desert, for the loftier peaks either start at an elevation already far above the level of the ocean or rise much more gradually. From San Jacinto's peak the range drops gradually to the southeast, with an occasional up-thrust of five, six, or eight thousand feet, until it vanishes across the border into Mexico.

In other days there was considerable intercourse between the Indians of the desert and those of the mountains, and many a trail linked the land of the palm and the land of the pine. Into the mountains went the desert folk to hunt deer and to gather piñons when these—the nuts of the one-leaf pine—were ripe; they toasted the hot, sticky cones in the fire until they opened and released the terebinthine tidbits. Down to the desert, at the advent of winter, came the mountaineers, squaw, pappoose, and camp baggage, to pass in the milder climate of the low country the months when their highland homes were snowbound. On the mountain's treeless slopes that give upon the desert are also

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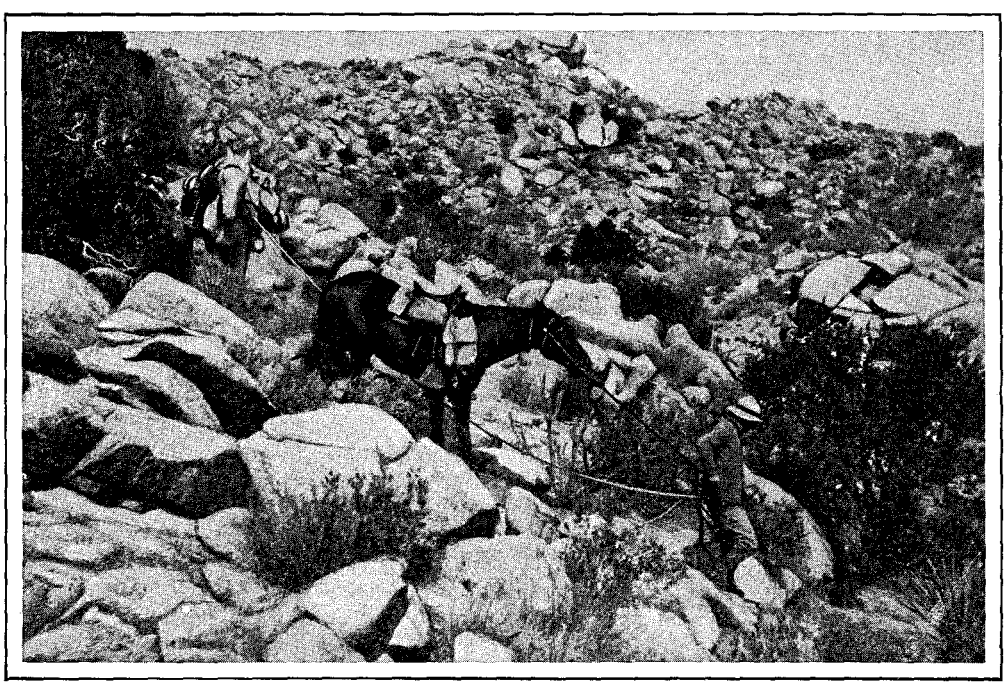
the mescal fields, the natural plantations of the wild agave, to which desert and mountain Indians alike resorted for textile fiber, and, in the spring, to harvest the tender young flower stalks that shoot upward eight or ten feet, in appearance much like huge asparagus sprouts.

Obliterated now are most of those ancient trails; but some dim remnants may still be followed, winding through a chaos of splintered rock and burnished boulder, now skirting dizzy ledges where a misstep may drop you to broken bones and death, again zigzagging through wild rock gardens of golden malacothrix and chænactis, crimson krameria, blue salazaria, and pentstemons glowing in scarlet. Such gladness is in these solitary places. Often, though, you must dismount and lead your animals down or up devil's staircases, jagged and sharp, and hedged about with bristling cactus, cat's-claw, and dagger-leaved yucca. The trail is "blazed" in this treeless region by small stones placed at intervals upon boulders along the way; nevertheless, often will you miss it, and bring up standing at the edge of some precipice that drops perpendicularly in fathomless depths, or stray off into some blind canyon with unscalable walls, out of which you must retrace your way and hunt the trail again—all of which but adds zest to the adventure of the explorer.

By such a trail you may go from Palm Canyon or Indian Wells to the level, grassy pass of Vandeventer's Flat, which separates San Jacinto's peak from Santa Rosa's. A breezy, sunlit flat is this of Vandeventer's, forty-five hundred feet in the air, offering inspiriting views on one side towards the desert, and on the other towards the coast country.

The chill of the spring evening was in the air when we reined up before Vandeventer's cabin to ask permission to camp. A fat old Indian in blue overalls sat in the doorway meditatively smoking a cigarette. He failed to rise to an English salutation, but some words in Spanish rendered him voluble. He and his *muchacho*, a husky young six-footer who, he told us, filled the office of local Indian policeman, lived there alone. Yes, we might camp, and, moreover, if we had provisions with us, we might cook our supper at the hearth fire inside; and, bringing in an armful of wood, the old man soon had a cheerful blaze crackling in the fireplace. While the rice and raisins boiled and bubbled we chatted in Spanish with the father and in English with the boy, who communicated with the elder in their native Coahuila dialect. There was



A "DEVIL'S STAIRCASE"

This is on the slope of mountains overlooking Colorado Desert, California. There is a trail, but it is distinguishable only by the practiced eye

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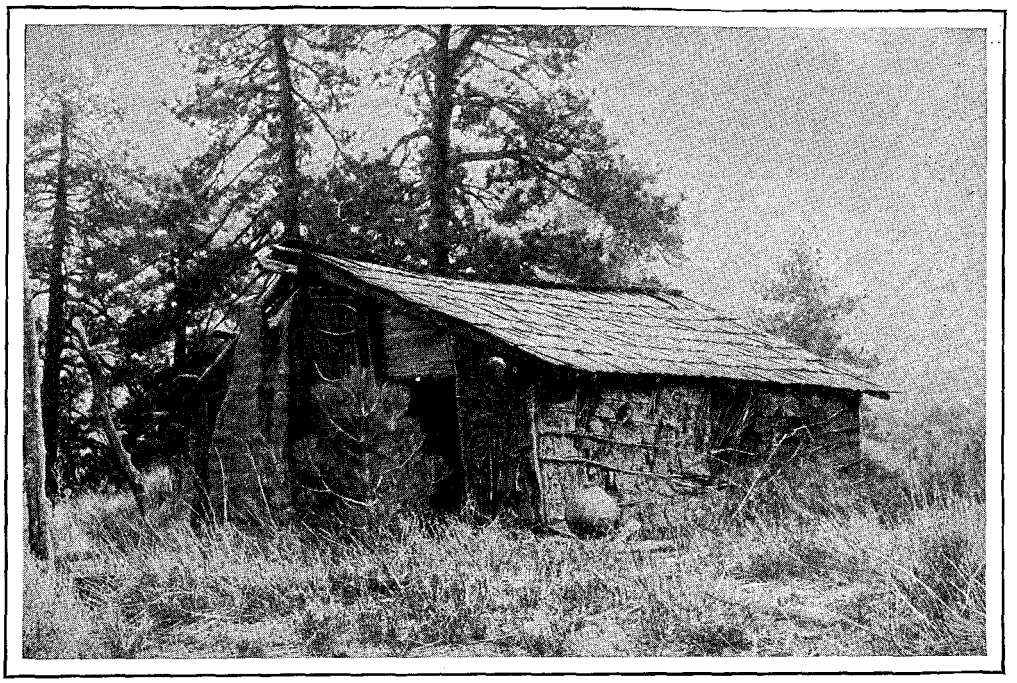

ABANDONED COAHUILA HUT, SANTA ROSA, ON THE BORDER OF THE DESERT

surprisingly much to talk about. My companion, a dweller of the desert, could tell of Willy Pablo, who had moved down from Banning and was clearing some ground for his father at the Aguas Calientes Reservation to plant to grapefruit; of young Francisco, who was married lately; of the rumor of a grand *fiesta* the coming August; and of the prospect of the fig harvest. Each of these momentous topics had to be considered with leisure and gravity from several angles; each necessitated the consumption of much tobacco.

Santa Rosa peak, rising to the southeast of Vandeventer's, Calistro informed us, is called by his people the Mount of the Soul. To the south and west in misty loveliness the verdure-clad mountains drift off in blue billows fading into Mexico and the fogs of the Pacific. That deep cleft, ten miles away, beyond which the Cuyamacas rise in sharp outline against the sky, is the Canyon of Coyote Creek, up which the Spaniard Anza, one hundred and forty years ago, led his company of colonists journeying from Mexico to lay the foundations of the city of San Francisco; over there to the eastward shimmers the still expanse of the Salton Sea. Northward the pines at our feet drop off to granite bareness revealing, far below and beyond, the vastness of the desert spread like a map from Mecca to Palm Springs. In the northwest stand San Jacinto and San Gorgonio, snow-crowned guardians of the pass through which the tide of modern travel ebbs and flows between Los Angeles and New Orleans.

A wild, silent, lifeless mountain this, on which the desert seems to have laid the hand of ownership, drying up its springs. Because of lack of water the Coahuila Indians that once dwelt upon its southern slope migrated years since. We came unexpectedly upon their deserted village, under the yellow pines and black oaks—a dozen scattered cabins in various stages of decay. There was a novel fascination in sauntering about this Coahuila Auburn and entering into its moldering memories. Here was the flat rock with its worn pockets where the women had been wont to come to pound acorns into meal, and scattered about were some of the great storage baskets, each big enough to hold a family of babies, in which the harvest was dumped before grinding. Two such baskets still rested on elevated platforms erected to keep the contents safe from plundering rodents. One cabin, a good specimen of that form of aboriginal architecture called *jacal*, with walls of brush plastered and reinforced with adobe mud, had also an adobe chimney and fireplace, giving the dwelling an air of distinction, as though the inhabitants had been great folk of the rancheria.

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THE "BIG BUSINESS" MAN AS A SOCIAL WORKER

A SERIES OF PERSONAL PORTRAITS

BY DONALD WILHELM

I. JUDGE GARY, OF THE STEEL TRUST

OVERLOOKING New York Harbor, in a friendly office with many autographed photographs, at the end of a long, littered mahogany table, the Chairman and chief executive officer of the United States Steel Corporation settled his hands firmly on the arms of his swivel chair and pondered the question, "Is there such a thing in modern corporation business as sentiment?"

Judge Gary's face is inscrutable. It is more perplexing than that of any other major American citizen; it is a harmony of opposite characteristics. He looks, physically, more like Huerta than he looks like his own pictures. His skin is darker, his face is sterner, than his photographs indicate. His cheek-bones are high, rather wide apart; his chin is square and aggressive; yet a thousand kindly, expressive little wrinkles are clustered about his stern eyes. His eyes are near the surface, shadowed by the black mounting of library spectacles. They bristle through banks of gray, yet are kind; they question, yet reassure; and one is pleasurably surprised suddenly to discover that they are not gray but blue. His manner of speaking changes rather than his expression when he speaks; he is patient, yet seems wearied of persisting strife, almost like a man who feels that he has run his course and awaits rest, slowly growing philosophical at last. His eyes look out on things steadily, doubtfully; they are at once in consonance with his short gray bristling mustache and with the friendliness of the whole atmosphere of his office.

Before he took up technical questions of output and sale and developed his wonderful facility with figures while "making" the greatest corporation in the world, Judge Gary was Mayor of his Middle West town and a United States Judge. Before he was Mayor and Judge, as a boy he was probably a bristling fighter. He bristles intellectually now, yet is said never to get angry, never to swear, never to denounce. He is the great conciliator in the romance of iron and steel. As such he has been hailed at European banquets with royalty itself represented, and toasted brown at American banquets where old-time rivals like Charles M. Schwab joined his intimate friends. He is a hero even to his intimates. Robert Bacon—whose autographed picture is on the wall, by the way—in the District Court of New Jersey, suggested the peculiar niche that Judge Gary holds in American industry when he described him as having done more than any individual whatever in the ruinous and ruthless warfare of steel to establish new rules of human relationship between competitors and toward employees. And yet Judge Gary hesitated to answer the modest question, "Is there such a thing in modern corporation business as sentiment?"

He fingered the watch-chain streaked across his white vest, and waited until another question was fired at him:

"Does a big corporation ever do anything humanitarian nowadays except to appease public opinion or to redound dividends?"

Like a steel trap he closed on the question. "Yes," he said, and he settled his chin forward.

"Since the public-be-damned period has there been a change?"

"Yes, there's been a change."

"For the better?"

"Yes, there's been a great change for the better. I think that in the walk and talk of business men there's been a change for the better."

He groped for a more emphatic word.

"There's been an awakening—a great awakening."

"The result of public agitation?"

The Judge shook his head slowly. He regretted once more, it seemed, the idea that nothing is good in the large corporation save what the public has made good.

It was suggested that, in the last analysis, the productivity of labor in a corporation is contingent upon the general estimate of that corporation; that on the Continent France

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and Germany restrict bank loans vigorously from investment in American corporations not approved by public opinion, wherefore United States corporations are some five billions short; and that even locally the order book is the barometer and the balancing consideration—that a customer complains to his retailer, the retailer complains to his jobber.

Judge Gary anticipated further speculation by a vigorous swing of his swivel chair. He often finishes the speech of another.

"Eight or ten years ago," he explained, simply, "I said in an interview with the 'World,' I remember, that we were all doing wrong, that it was for us to set things right. I am on record as saying that many times since. In that interview I spoke—not too unkindly, I hope—of men like Belmont, and some of them resented my dealing in personalities. There's been a great change since then."

"What accounts for the change?"

The Judge considered. "As far as I am concerned," he said, conclusively, "it is largely traceable to Roosevelt. . . . I know him well. I have considered every suggestion for improving business conditions that he has ever made. I have tried to adopt many of them. . . . Whenever a newspaper or a magazine makes a fair and honest suggestion, I always try to adopt it; but we have made a great many changes without suggestions from the public at all."

It happens that shortly after Judge Gary came from the presidency of Federal Steel, at the first meeting of the Executive Council of the new corporation, the superintendent of one of the subsidiary companies learned, he admits, to respect the bristling strength of the new President. In the directors' room, at the end of the long stretch of office carpet which Judge Gary sometimes paces swiftly hour after hour, this superintendent expressed his own labor policy succinctly: "Hit the first kicker over the head with the nearest shovel and throw him out!" He remembers Judge Gary's instant remonstrance: "That will never be the policy of this corporation while I am its President." Another superintendent has a letter in which the new President set a precedent by telling him never to miss an opportunity in the mines to improve conditions and instill the co-operative spirit. There has never been a serious accident in any of the Steel Corporation mines since. And from no subsidiary company since Judge Gary became President has there come a request for funds to improve working conditions that has been refused. In the hard panic days of 1907 every manager and superintendent and foreman got word to see that no member of the family of any employee suffered, and the superintendent of one of the smaller plants explained to the writer that, in addition to untold orders on grocerymen and shoe men and clothing men, he kept one company wagon busy through the winter doing nothing but hauling free company coal to employees out of work. An employee, by the way, is reckoned as still in employ and as entitled to every privilege of rent, pension, and the like as long as he is idle—till the company asks him to return to work and he refuses.

Judge Gary does not believe in labor unions, because, he maintains, most laboring men themselves do not believe in them; nevertheless his attitude toward the men who toil is commendable, no matter how much one may condone the denial of any liberty whatever to the workingman. He has done good work, and there is no reason why one shouldn't say so. He has preached, almost with wearisome iteration, to his subordinates the moral obligation first and the business expediency afterward of treating men right.

He removed his black spectacles, and made space for them among the output records on his table. "We must make it certain," he began, "that the men in our employ are treated as well as, if not a little better than, those who are working for people who deal and contract with unions—"

He hesitated, then worked a push button, asked for all his speeches to the presidents of the subsidiary companies, speeches not given to the press, all of which he now shoved over save one, and of this he sought a page, donned his spectacles, and from it read what he had said in October, 1911, just before the Supreme Court interpretation of the Sherman Law, just before the Presidential campaign, in which, by the way, his own secretary affirms that he could not guess how his employer would vote.

"'—make it certain that the men are treated as well; . . . make it certain that you pay as liberal wages; that your hours are as good; that your facilities are as great; that your men are as comfortably housed where you have anything to do with the subject; that those who may buy from your stores, where you have any, purchase at as low a price or a lower price than they could purchase elsewhere; that the sanitation is as good at your

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ELBERT H. GARY
Chairman and chief executive officer of the United States Steel Corporation

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works as at any other place; that so far as you have control and influence your men are as comfortable in every respect as the men in any other place; and, so far as you can, cultivate a feeling of friendship, and influence your men to the conclusion that it is for their interests in every respect to be in your employ.'"

Judge Gary continued, with more emphasis:

"'I do not say this merely from the standpoint of policy, although it is good policy to do everything which I have suggested. But here again you are just as much interested in the questions as anybody else; it is not necessary to read in magazines or periodicals recommendations that you improve the conditions of your men; you are a part of the public; you are interested, as loyal citizens, in these great ethical and sociological questions; you are making a record not alone for your stockholders, but for yourselves. It is going to be said of you sometime in the future: You occupied high positions and you measured up to them, and you did your duty not only as representatives of large financial interests, but as public citizens. And I urge this upon you as being a part of the policy of our great aggregation of men. It is more important all the time that we do the right thing concerning all the interests in our charge than it is that we make a good deal of money. We may be conducting our affairs without any future prospect of being allowed to live. I do not believe that is the fact; I believe, in the last analysis, the policies and principles which we have stood for will be properly recognized, and that we shall be allowed to go on in our work to greater success. Whether this is true or not is of little importance, comparatively speaking; we must make it certain we are doing the right thing.'"

Such a spirit by a corporation president heading an industrial army of 228,000 men is precious, in spite of what President Wilson in campaign speeches said, to the welfare of the whole Nation. Perhaps, even by the very newspaper men to whom Judge Gary said not long ago, "If you let me alone, I'll let you alone," it may be called "bunk," "sauce," or "moonshine," because the president of a corporation reiterated it. It is hoped, however, in spite of dark days gone, that the time is not far distant when a magazine writer can commend even a corporation president, even in New York City, without each being accused of having something up his sleeve.

One may, in fact, conjecture that the President of the Steel Corporation, with his new industrial spirit and with other media of cooperation, such as safety work, voluntary relief and pension, and a consistent and absolutely fair stock subscription plan, is doing quite as much constructive good as many a professional social worker. The functions of a corporation and of social work are of course different. Organized charity is primarily remedial and influential, confined to Red Cross work on the industrial field. The president of a great corporation can get behind remedial measures. He can do, and in some communities the Steel Corporation has done, all that social work is intended to teach the city how to do.

In its mining towns—in the Connellsville district in Pennsylvania, to illustrate—waiving aside the not unimportant question of individual liberty and self-government, there is an admirable lesson of what a city might accomplish for itself. In these towns the corporation has taken responsibility for the public schools and maintains them. It maintains in some of them night continuation and technical schools. It brought in a Panama engineer, established an absolutely pure water supply, street and alley cleaning that New York—and certainly Chicago—cannot begin to boast of, and commissaries that are as much more sanitary than a Boston or New York grocery or a German delicatessen shop as those are cleaner than a bachelor's kitchen, where a fly in an ointment or on a piece of beef or vegetable is a fatal flaw in the life job of a clerk; where there are found some swimming-pools and bands and recreation centers; where soda-water replaces the saloon and where 6,296 prize yard gardens thrive—more than ninety per cent of all yards, averaging in vegetable worth $27.50 each to every grower, a farmers' committee estimate, or $173,140 in all, last year.

It would be indeed vain to expect social work in a city such as New York to remedy all the ills bred from all the woes of maleducation, drink, dope, indifference. The influence of that self-same work nevertheless cannot be overestimated. And the social worker labors with an awful handicap—the necessary substitution of persuasion for power; but in the Connellsville mining towns such as those described, towns with social work wholly "municipalized" by the Corporation, where professional social workers in the employ of the company show what a tene-

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ment can be with the wage of a miner, where "municipal" doctors and visiting nurses go about and a Panama sanitary engineer inspects, and there is a quick and sure hand to pluck out aught that threatens the physical or moral health of the community, there is a lesson for laggard cities and hope for discouraged social workers. Here the father who is a cocaine-user cannot evade responsibility and refuse medical examination; the husband who is a drunkard cannot refuse to support his family, even if his wife will not go to court. Judge Gary does not say much, but it is felt that he believes he is doing right, and wonders why many harass and misunderstand him.

Now and then he gains a little gratification. At the last stockholders' meeting, for instance, a stock-holding laborer got up to testify. In simple workingman's language that split its infinitives as often as does Judge Gary this man said most earnestly that the Steel Corporation is doing more for the laborers of the United States than the United States itself, and then he finished his eulogistic little gem of a speech by asking the President and his distinguished confrères to bow their heads in prayer while he thanked God for the existence of a business employer that cared for a worker's welfare.

"We suppose," Judge Gary explained, leaning back, raising one neatly shod foot to the end of the table, "that we are on a very friendly footing with our men. We believe our relation with our men is getting better and better. They have been very fair to us." He considered, and then he went on to state what approaches the desired new spirit in American business: "It is difficult to say in a word, but there is developing and becoming fixed in our companies at least, all along the line, a determination to conduct affairs in such a way that we will not cause injury to anybody, and, on the contrary, that we will benefit everybody affected by us; and that includes fair and decent and honest treatment of our employees, our stockholders, our competitors in business, our customers, and the general public, because we believe it is not only good policy from the standpoint of pecuniary success, but better because we believe it is right."

It was observed that such a statement was comprehensive.

"It is intended to be comprehensive," Judge Gary answered, dropping his foot to the floor and sitting forward. "If employers will conduct their affairs in such a way as to satisfy their men, their competitors, stockholders, customers, and the general public—if the employers are fair in every respect—it is only a question of time when they will be supported in everything to which they are entitled from the standpoint of good morals." He paused, then went on: "It is a stupendous question. In the past, capitalists and employers were not inclined to recognize the rights and interests of others to the extent that they ought. They acted on the basis that they were dealing at arm's length with labor and their interests, therefore felt they were justified in doing no more for their part than went to promote their individual interests. I believe, however, there has been a very great change. I believe that, as a result, capital and labor are coming together, and that we shall see a very decided improvement in the general attitude of both."

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THE FACTORY CHILD[1]

BY MARY WASHBURN BALDWIN

Beyond the factory windows, high,
So children may not see,
Are summer meadows and the sky,
The birds, the painted butterfly—
Why are they not for me?

I only know the tree-tops blow,
That little winds in May
Ripple the pussy grass below
And sing, where baby brooklets flow,
And happier children play.

There is no sun when I leave bed,
So early is the day;
But far away the sky is red
And little wheels turn in my head—
Along the Factory Way.

The early shadows go with me
Within the factory door;
They crowd and creep, and like a sea
They rise above the looms and me
And cross the factory floor.

Gray shadows run, the light and sun
I cannot feel or see;
But all day long with fingers thin
Before my loom I spin and spin—
Why is this meant for me?

To flowers, to little birds that sing,
To butterfly, to bee,
God gives to each and everything
Its happy growing time and spring—
And, oh, why not to me?

[1] It is stated that, "to the shame of our great Nation, hundreds of little boys and girls are at work in our canneries; hundreds of boys toil at night in our glass factories; over 27,000 children are employed in our Southern mills, some working from six in the morning until seven o'clock at night; and large numbers are employed in the coal mines, the breakers, the quarries, the cigarette factories, and scores of other workshops."

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THE FOREIGN POLICY OF THE UNITED STATES

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

IN the present crisis the duty of all good citizens is to say and do nothing which may in any way jeopardize the standing of the United States in the face of the great nations of Europe now engaged in so terrible a struggle, or which would hamper our official representatives in any of their actions. However great our regret that we have not as a Nation during the last few years adhered as effectively as we ought to have adhered to the policies which alone can make the United States a real and efficient factor for the peace of righteousness throughout the world, yet in the present crisis such regret must not be permitted to interfere with facing facts as they are. In common with the immense majority of our fellow-countrymen, I shall certainly stand by not only the public servants in control of the Administration at Washington, but also all other public servants no matter of what party, during this crisis; asking only that they with wisdom and good faith endeavor to take every step that can be taken to safeguard the honor and interest of the United States, and, so far as the opportunity offers, to promote the cause of peace and justice throughout the world. My hope, of course, is that in their turn the public servants of the people will take no action so fraught with possible harm to the future of the people as to oblige far-sighted and patriotic men to protest against it. In what I have to say now I wish to speak of actions which affect our permanent National policy. As regards any actions affecting only our immediate interests in this crisis, I shall, wherever possible, simply support the position the Administration takes. What I desire now to say has reference not primarily to the effects of action at this moment, but to the effects as they will be felt for many years after the present crisis is over.

There are certain lessons of continuing National policy which we as a Nation should draw from this contest. It would be a capital mistake on our part if we failed to draw them aright. The time for inculcating such lessons is when the facts are so vividly before us that men of good sense and sound patriotism should be able clearly to see and understand them. Furthermore, the necessity for immediately inculcating such lessons is proved by the astounding fact that some well-meaning but shortsighted persons by their comments and actions show that they possess the uncanny power attributed to witches in the Middle Ages of reading the most vital lessons backward, and interpreting them in exactly the inverse manner to that which the facts require.

THE PANAMA CANAL

War-ships can now go through the Panama Canal, those of our own as well as those of foreign nations. If the Canal were not in process of fortification, and if we did not have a first-class battle fleet, it would be a mere case of "Ephraim feedeth on wind" if we endeavored to say anything whatever about the Canal. In such case we would in the present crisis occupy the proud position of Luxemburg. But we have taken steps to protect the Canal. Moreover, we have a fleet of good fighting ships. Some well-meaning persons, having in view the fact that the Canal is open, have agitated for a division of our fleet, requesting that part of it be put in the Pacific and part kept in the Atlantic. If there is one lesson more obviously taught than any other by ancient and modern naval history alike, it is that such division of a moderate-sized fleet is unpardonable. It can do no good, and if ever necessity for using the fleet should suddenly arise—and it is only this necessity that warrants the existence of the fleet at all—it might do incalculable harm. The Pacific is as much our home waters as the Atlantic. The Panama Canal should be used continually to transfer our fleet in a body from one ocean to the other. During the course of a great war, which has resulted in all the military and naval nations of the world either using their armies and navies in action or gathering them ready for action, the time is more inopportune than ever to separate our fleet. The effectiveness of the fleet, not merely in action, but as a means of preventing any necessity for action, depends upon the knowledge that it can be used with efficiency. In addition to being well trained in cruising and battle maneuvers, no less than

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in the use of great guns, the fleet must be concentrated, or it becomes a positive invitation to attack. At this very moment a powerful German war-ship is in grave jeopardy because it was cruising in the Mediterranean, separated from the main German fleet in the North Sea. In the war between Russia and Japan the greatest factor in securing the Russian defeat was the handling of her navy, and, above all, its division into three parts. The Russian fleet had not been trained in peace so as to be efficient in war; and, moreover, it was scattered in the Baltic, in the Black Sea, in the Yellow Sea, and off Vladivostok. It would have been better had the fleet not been in existence. It was an unpardonable act of folly not to have kept the whole fleet together; just as it was an unpardonable act of folly to leave the most important part of it, that in the Yellow Sea, unprepared for the torpedo attack that was delivered upon it before there was any formal declaration of war. Our battle fleet should always be kept substantially as a unit. The people of the Pacific Slope are quite right in their view that this battle fleet is theirs just as much as it is the fleet of the people along the Atlantic coast or the Gulf of Mexico. It should exercise in the Gulf, it should exercise in the Pacific, and it should exercise in the Atlantic. But it never should be separated into squadrons remote from one another. The war-ships should never be used save as war-ships; they should be kept in a condition of preparedness for war; and they should be kept together, in whatever position may be deemed best on account of military considerations.

ARBITRATION TREATIES

It is well also to think seriously of our National attitude as regards the pending arbitration treaties. There are a number of these now before Congress. It is stated in the papers that they are to be reported and adopted at the present moment, under the idea that in some vague and unstated way the fact may act as a sedative upon the minds of the great military powers now spending all their strength in the tremendous cataclysm of the European war.

Of course the action would have no such effect. If the nations in question even knew of the action, they would regard it with contemptuous and impatient derision, attributing it either to hypocrisy or to unspeakable silliness. I wish to speak respectfully of those engaged in the advocacy of these treaties. Yet no really patriotic man ought to refrain from pointing out the facts about them when their immediate passage and promulgation seem to be impending. I do not believe that these treaties would do much harm, simply because in the event of any serious trouble they would not be worth the paper on which they are written. But they may do a little harm either by lulling a few well-intentioned but ill-informed people into a false sense of security, or else by causing the United States to act in seeming bad faith if, as might very well happen, her vital interest in some crisis demanded their immediate disregard. There is no use in arguing with the persons who have already made up their minds to favor these treaties, because most of these persons, however worthy and well-meaning, are quite impervious to argument. But there is a large body of citizens who are indifferent in the matter because they are ill informed, and surely these ought to look into the matter.

On July 26, on the eve of the outbreak of the greatest war since the close of the Napoleonic struggles, the Secretary of State gave out to the newspapers a statement about these arbitration treaties, which he apparently thought heralded immediate and universal peace. In this statement he alleged that the especial merit of these treaties was that they closed "the gap" left by the existing arbitration treaties, which specifically state that we will not arbitrate the vital interest, the independence and the honor of the United States. This seems a "gap" which it is not well to close. The proposed treaties provide that even if the vital interest, the independence and the honor of the American people are menaced, there shall be no armed action by us in our defense until investigation by a joint commission is had of the matter at issue. Inside of a week after this amiable declaration, Luxemburg, in spite of treaties explicitly guaranteeing her neutrality and independence, was taken possession of by one of the great military Powers which was on the eve of going to war, and Belgium also, in spite of similar treaties, saw her territory invaded.

I am not taking sides one way or the other as concerns the violation or disregard of these treaties. When giants are engaged in a death wrestle, as they reel to and fro they are certain to trample on whoever gets in the way of either of the huge, straining combatants, *unless it is dangerous to do so.*

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I mention these two cases merely as an example. At the present moment there are in existence a score of treaties for the protection of neutrals, for securing the interests of weak powers, for guaranteeing rights to small nations under the rule of big nations, every one of which has been disregarded or has been repudiated without any warning or any excuse by the powers engaged in, or fearful of being drawn into, the tremendous European contest. Weak powers, weak nationalities, weak peoples or sections of peoples everywhere are at this moment lying helpless and oppressed in spite of obligations undertaken and treaties entered into just as solemnly as any of these arbitration treaties could be entered into; and this because of the simple fact that, as the world is now constituted, a treaty, unless potential force is back of it, is not worth the paper upon which it is written. Luxemburg, for instance, did not arm, relying upon the promises of other nations to respect her rights and to protect them. The pacifists had their way in the matter, and in consequence Luxemburg is off the map at this moment. Belgium, however, was armed and went to war. If she succeeds in protecting herself, it will be because she has armed and has not trusted to the treaty, and because she receives aid from big military powers, who would have given it anyhow, as a matter of their own vital interest, as a matter of self-defense—not merely for the defense of Belgium, but for the defense of themselves. When before our eyes a score of treaties and of engagements of the most solemn kind are thus shown literally not to be worth the paper they are written on, there is something both pathetic and ludicrous in the belief that signing names to a bit of paper will of and by itself forward the cause of peace.

Nor is this all. The treaties reported are, it is announced, to be followed by similar treaties with all the nations of the world. They include, for instance, treaties with Denmark and Holland. Both of these small nations are in imminent danger at the present moment of being drawn into the great European cataclysm. They hold islands in the West Indies. Under the proposed treaties, if they, of their own free will, or because they were forced to do so, disposed of these islands to a great military power of Europe, we should be obliged to permit the transfer to be made. Then, during the year or so while the "Commission of Investigation" investigated with normal diplomatic deliberation, the great power would of course, and in strict accordance with the treaty, take possession of and fortify the islands. We would be left the alternatives of submission or of undertaking war at a disadvantage; whereas in the absence of the treaty we could undoubtedly stop the affair at the outset. In the same way, if Mexico disposed of Magdalena Bay to some great Asiatic power, we would be obliged to permit a joint commission to investigate the matter during a period sufficiently long to enable the place to be turned into a hostile Gibraltar. In events like these, remember, we might be dealing with great military nations; and great nations, as is illustrated in the case of the present European war, only too often pay not one faintest sign of regard to the most solemn treaty which they feel is hostile to their interests. Be it remembered further that any arbitration committee following the principles of international law would in such event certainly refuse to recognize the Monroe Doctrine, and would declare that the party in interest had the right to dispose of St. Thomas, or of Magdalena Bay, or of the Dutch West Indies, to any European or Asiatic power it pleased. Under these circumstances, if we in good faith executed the treaty, we would irreparably damage the United States. As a matter of fact, I have very little doubt that the American people would insist upon the immediate repudiation of the treaty. It would be calamitous if we failed to do so. Yet it would be only less calamitous to repudiate the treaty, and would expose us to the charge of bad faith. Surely it is a dishonorable thing for the Nation to enter into treaties which it might be disastrous, indeed impossible, to keep. An honorable nation, like an honorable man, does not make promises which may be impossible or improper to carry out. Certain matters can and ought to be arbitrated between nations. Our existing arbitration treaties make provision for all such matters. By all means let us carry out these treaties. But let us avoid the unwisdom of making new promises which we would not keep.

It is an entire mistake to suppose that the adoption of these treaties will render easier any possible action by the United States Government in the direction of mediating between the Powers at war in the interest of peace. President Wilson very properly has offered his services as such mediator. Of

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course at this stage of the war there could have been no expectation that these offices would be accepted; but later, especially if, after great exertion and great exhaustion, both parties remain able to continue the fight, even though one is at a disadvantage, it may well be that mediation would be more acceptable. In such case, if it is to the interest of both sides to accept it, it will be accepted in precisely the manner that Russia and Japan nine years ago accepted the offer of mediation which led to the Peace of Portsmouth. The fact that the then President did not believe in arbitrating matters which affected the National interest and the honor of the American Nation, so far from being a hindrance, was rather a help in securing the assent of the two Powers concerned to the mediation proposal. Ratification of the proposed arbitration treaties by the Senate of the United States would certainly not increase in even the smallest degree the willingness of any great Power to profit by our offer of mediation. Such action would probably not have any effect one way or the other; for the Powers would accept the offer only when they believed it to their self-interest to do so, and the part we played would be determined either wholly by conditions in Europe or else by these conditions plus the ability shown by our governmental representatives; or, in other words, while the passage of the treaties probably would not militate against any offer of ours of mediation, it is certain that they would not help, and it is barely possible that harm would result, because no competent foreign statesman of the first class believes we would be bound to our detriment by foolish treaties, and therefore our action in passing such treaties and in making promises which would certainly be repudiated is accepted abroad as an evidence partly of utter heedlessness and indifference on our part and partly of a certain insincerity and bad faith. I speak with first-hand knowledge of the effect produced upon all foreign statesmen and foreign leaders of public opinion who possess any weight in their respective countries.

International law is not law at all in the sense that municipal law is law. There can be no real law in any real sense of the word unless there is a judge to declare it and a policeman to enforce it. In international affairs there is no policeman, nor can there be a satisfactory judge as regards many cases. I have already alluded to the Monroe Doctrine. I shall discuss it again in another moment. It is vital to our interests. Yet it is not a doctrine that we could expect a court of arbitration to accept. Moreover, such a court would often be bound by technical rules which would prevent it from doing justice in the case at issue. Beyond all question, if in 1898 we had submitted to arbitration the questions at issue between us and Spain, any court would have been bound to declare that we had no right to go to war with Spain; and in that case Cuba and the Philippines would to-day be Spanish colonies in which utterly destructive civil wars were still dragging their miserable lengths of butchery and rapine. If in 1846 our differences with Mexico had been put to arbitration, any court would have undoubtedly decided that Mexico had the right to retain Texas, California, Arizona, and New Mexico; and if the decree of the court had been observed, these four States and portions of Kansas and Colorado would during the last three years have been "enjoying" all the benefits of the self-government, order, happiness, and prosperity that have marked the Mexico of Messrs. Huerta and Villa during this period.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE

Finally, take the Monroe Doctrine. Well-meaning but unwise people have stated that the Monroe Doctrine was obsolete; in other words, that the United States ought no longer to object to Old World Powers acquiring a permanent foothold on the soil of the Western Hemisphere. Remember that this is all that the Monroe Doctrine means. We, who believe in the Monroe Doctrine, insist that no great military Power of the Old World shall be allowed to acquire any foothold on this continent. In Europe at this moment many Powers most anxious to avoid war have nevertheless been drawn into war because it was a physical impossibility to keep out of the conflict into which the great military nations had been precipitated. If these military nations gained a foothold on American soil, or if any others like them gained a foothold, sooner or later this hemisphere would be involved in their conflicts; and in addition to war we should all be required to bear our share of the tremendous burdens which have turned Europe into an armed camp. The arbitration treaties of which I have above spoken, whether consciously or unconsciously, aim to prevent our enforcing the Monroe Doc-

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trine. The only way of keeping this continent free from the curse of militarism is to insist upon that Doctrine. Our people have before their eyes in Europe at the present time an example of what would assuredly come to this country if the Great Powers now engaged in hostilities, and the others looking on and ready to strike if necessary, had been permitted to acquire territorial empire in the Western Hemisphere. The Monroe Doctrine is the most potent factor that tells for the future peace of the Western world. It would be criminal folly to discard it, or to adopt any policy inconsistent with it.

COMMERCE AND FINANCE

A WEEKLY ARTICLE BY THEODORE H. PRICE

AMERICA'S OPPORTUNITY AND ITS PROBLEMS
AN ANGLO-AMERICAN CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

A DAY or two after England had declared war upon Germany, I sat in the United States Court in New York City, waiting for a hearing in a matter in which I was interested. The usual business of the Court was much impeded and delayed by naturalization proceedings taken in behalf of hundreds of foreigners who desired to forswear allegiance to the monarchs of Europe, become American citizens, and put themselves under the protection of our flag and Constitution.

To a thoughtful man the scene was impressive. To an American it was inspiring, emphasizing as it did the advantages of our country and the eagerness with which all the peoples of the world are seeking the ægis of our benignant institutions.

It seems almost inevitable that a large percentage of those who survive the horrors of the great European war will as soon as possible thereafter strive to emancipate themselves from the thraldom of a system which compels them to risk their lives in behalf of a cause with which they have no sympathy.

One of the problems of the not distant future is the probability of an enormously increased foreign immigration. It will, however, be a blessing, although not an entirely unmixed one, for it is already becoming evident that the detached neutrality of the United States will open opportunities for this country of which the most enthusiastic optimist had never dreamed.

To the impartial observer it hardly seems possible that the issue of the present struggle can fail to result in diminishing the military prestige of Germany and greatly restricting her commercial activity. Heretofore a large and constantly increasing portion of the trade of South America, Africa, China, and Russia has been in the control of German merchants.

The international animosities engendered by a conflict which has practically arrayed all the world against Germany will make it very difficult for her to retain this trade, even if her financial resources should be unimpaired by the desperate struggle in which she is now engaged.

The commercial vacuum which will be, and has been already, created by the military preoccupation of Europe will have to be filled promptly, and America's greatest commercial opportunity now lies in the development of the South American and antipodal demand for the output of American agricultural and industrial activity, in the necessary increase of which we can, if we are wise, easily employ all the labor we have and all of that which must shortly come to us from Europe.

It will be well, however, that we do not become overconfident in our vision of the commercial future and repeat Germany's mistakes in arousing unnecessary antagonism.

The world, even before the present great war was threatened, was rapidly becoming more and more Anglo-American. The sympathy between England and America has undoubtedly been quickened by the incidents of the past month. The political, commercial, and financial ideals and institutions of Great Britain and the United States are conformed to standards nearly identical. The English

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language is becoming the Esperanto of the world. In concert the commercial forces who speak this language can possess themselves of a mercantile domain which will include the major portion of the world's population, estimated at two billion souls.

The population of the British Empire is about four hundred and fifty millions. The Western Hemisphere, including the United States, Mexico, and South America, contains about two hundred million persons, living under governments whose aspirations are essentially democratic and whose American solidarity has been happily increased by the President's plan of A B C mediation in Mexico, and will be still further intensified by the present military insulation of Europe.

When the war shall have ended, as end it must, England will emerge from it with less impairment of commercial and financial power than any of the other participants. She will therefore be better able to grasp the opportunities of peace than any other nation in Europe. So situated, she will, with the moral co-operation of the United States, probably be able to compel the disarmament of the world, almost certainly a sequel of the present military madness.

From an American standpoint, the only thing to be feared in connection with the aggressiveness necessary to grasp our commercial opportunities is that we may arouse unnecessary antagonisms. There are no antagonisms so bitter as those which arise between the members of the same family. Would it not be well for us to recognize that the people of Great Britain and the United States are brother nationalities, jointly bearing a very large share of the white man's burden of the world? An Anglo-American Chamber of Commerce, organized in a spirit of commercial co-operation, to which the disputes that may be engendered by international commercial rivalry can be referred, would greatly promote the interests of both nations.

There is commercial glory enough for all in the situation that now offers to the English-speaking peoples of the world. They can command the trade of the British Empire, the Western Hemisphere, and the uncounted millions of China and Japan. Legitimate competition there will be, but unnecessary rivalry, degenerating into bitterness, there need not be. Let us proceed in peace to the harvest now ripe in the fields that others in their madness have abandoned.

The advantages of mutual understanding and co-operation in the present situation between the bankers and merchants of England and the United States are obvious. They have many problems in common. The custody and protection of the world's gold supply is their joint task.

The war chests of Continental Europe must shortly be emptied of their specie if the fight is to continue. The hoarding of gold on a huge scale is inevitable unless England and America shall join to prevent it by drastic measures.

The fluidity of exchange outside the area of actual conflict must be maintained if the business of non-combatants is to go on. Transportation and insurance for this business must be provided. The carrying trade of the world is likely to be more than ever, at the conclusion of the war, in the hands of England, and even if the United States liberalizes its navigation laws with a promptitude that is almost inconceivable, capital cannot be found in the present emergency to buy the number of ships the world's trade requires.

The insurance companies of England and America are not able, either separately or collectively, to underwrite the enormous risks of commerce conducted under present conditions. This risk is one of the costs of the conflict which must be borne in common by all the nations that attempt to continue trade. The equitable distribution of the losses which may be incurred and which must be insured against is one of the scientific problems involved.

In the last analysis it must be assumed by all the peoples involved, but it cannot be imposed upon them except through the governmental power of taxation. One of the greatest difficulties in times of emergency is not in getting people to admit the necessity of action, but to agree upon what action shall be taken.

If six of the leading bankers and merchants of the United States, and an equal number from England, were immediately to meet in session with representatives of the commercial interests of the South American republics, the projectile power of their recommendations would have a moral force that would be almost irresistible, and the commercial coalition in prospect would be almost as great a restraining force upon Germany as the military coalition with which she is now face to face.

Speed in decision and action is one of the

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essentials of success in dealing with the problems that confront us. He gives twice who gives quickly. It might be practicable to arrange that the proposed conference shall be held by cable. Games of chess are now so conducted, and it is reasonably certain that the great telegraph companies would put their lines at the disposal of an enterprise whose influence would be both pacific and commercially constructive.

Next to gold, the American cotton crop is the medium by the exchange of which the largest portion of the world's credits are adjusted. The exports of cotton from the United States have for many years past exceeded the total balance of trade in our favor.

For the present, at least, the export movement of cotton will be impossible. It is not likely, however, that the English cotton manufacturers will cease operations as long as they can obtain the raw material required. With the co-operation of England, it ought and could be immediately arranged that an ocean lane from Halifax to Liverpool, protected by French and English battle-ships or cruisers, should be kept open, and that meantime the English banks should finance English purchases of cotton held in America for shipment by the protected route.

If, through the co-operation of English and American financiers, the area of financial demoralization can be confined to that of actual fighting, losses will be minimized, civilization at least partially maintained, and the constructive power of Anglo-American democracy exerted with a power commensurate to its present opportunity.

THE NEW BOOKS

Macaulay's History of England, with Illustrations. Edited by C. H. Firth. Volume III. The Macmillan Company, New York. $3.25.

As this admirable edition of Macaulay's masterpiece appears volume by volume one continues to feel more and more surprised at the fact that no English illustrated edition has ever before been published. No work ever lent itself better to historical illustration of a high type, and it may be added that in very few cases has the task of furnishing appropriate and interesting illustrations for a historical work been carried out with such success. The edition is of permanent value and worthy of a place in every library.

Greenstone Door (The). By William Satchell. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.25.

What is most interesting about this tale of adventure and romance is its remarkably faithful reproduction of New Zealand life in early times. The Maoris were a people of some noble and even poetical qualities, and they lost as well as gained from their intercourse with the early colonists.

The supposed narrator of this book is a boy who spent his early life in a district in the interior of New Zealand in the company of the only white man with whom the Maoris of that place and time would have dealings. His picture of the Maoris' life and of the quarrels and wars between the natives and the whites is exceedingly interesting—and exciting also. In style the book is a little old-fashioned, but it has enough of action and of novelty to make it well worth reading. Towards the end it becomes disagreeably—and, we think, unnecessarily—tragical, and the horror is not quite compensated for by the conventional happy ending.

Story of Duciehurst (The). By Charles Egbert Craddock. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.35.

After Miss Murfree's first great success in fiction, "The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains," it became something of a newspaper custom to charge her with too great a fondness for describing the rising of the moon over the Tennessee mountains. In other words, for a time her books were too descriptive, and perhaps too sentimental, to hit the popular taste. The present story is quite free from the danger of such criticism. It abounds in incident, has a plot which is exciting and complicated, and both its dialogue and its descriptions are crisp and sharp. Its field of action is the Mississippi Valley, and the time is just after the Civil War.

The plot is concerned with a package of jewels and papers hidden in war-time; the knowledge of the hiding-place was in the possession of a war veteran whose memory and almost sanity have been impaired by his sufferings, so that he cannot recall to his own mind the exact place where the hidden treasure is. This is only one thread of the story. There are several characters vividly depicted and typical of the time and people. Altogether this is, from the popular point of view at least, the best novel that this author has put forth for many years.

Municipal Life and Government in Germany. By William H. Dawson. Longmans, Green & Co., New York.

This is a storehouse of valuable information, gathered and classified by an English writer

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who has published other careful studies of German institutions and methods.

One is surprised to find as one result of Mr. Dawson's inquiries that in the German municipalities the range of administrative power is far greater than in Great Britain. One reason for this is the tradition of self-government which has existed locally in many German towns since mediæval days. Another reason is the wisdom with which the German national authorities have left municipal affairs in a state of what is practically "home rule." Mr. Dawson notes also that German cities have shown far greater elasticity in adapting their affairs to expert management. They are apparently less bound down by over-awe for stupid methods already established than are the English cities.

Among the topics considered are those of municipal taxation, social welfare work, relief of the poor, housing policies, public health, and many other phases of municipal management.

Self-Mastery of Men and Nations. By Albion Eli Smith. Methodist Book Concern, Cincinnati. $1.

This volume is specially interesting as exhibiting the simple life in a rare combination with wide travels on a wonderfully inexpensive scale—*e. g.*, 19,000 miles by the man and 15,400 by his wife at a cost of $800 for both, with some outlay for clothing included. They "did not feel pinched," and enjoyed themselves day by day. The book's main purpose is not an account of these travels, but to show the principles of the self-mastery acquired by experience and study that is the necessary basis of self-development, individual and national. The author, a genuinely religious man of Puritan type, regards religion, education, business, and science as the essential factors of personal and race development, and expresses clear-cut and positive convictions on present social questions and tendencies.

Addresses of U. M. Rose. With a Brief Memoir by George B. Rose. Published by George I. Jones, Chicago.

A fine type of the Southern gentleman was the late Judge Rose, of Little Rock, Arkansas. Those who came in contact with him felt their own lives bigger and broader. Both in matter and manner Judge Rose was a remarkable man. Never noisy, never pushful, his manner of speech seemed to accord with the sweetness of his life—both were modulated. The present volume shows us Judge Rose's extraordinary felicity of diction; his oral discourse was also quite as remarkable for such felicity. Those who judged him as a lawyer were wont to remark not only upon his vast knowledge of law and history but also on the literary style of his argument and exposition—something not always attained even by very eminent lawyers. He was a model of courtesy, whether in his relations with the courts or with individual men. Particularly was this shown at The Hague during the summer of 1907. President Roosevelt had appointed Judge Rose one of the three ambassadors to the Hague Peace Conference of that year. It was fortunate that Mr. Rose's knowledge of the French language could be added to his equipment in international law. No one who met him during that summer could have failed to be impressed with the charm of a man who seemed indeed a spontaneous and natural diplomat.

It was only last year that Judge Rose passed away. The present volume includes a dozen of his addresses and will be treasured by those who knew him. A characteristic example of Judge Rose's style may be found in his response to the toast "The President of the United States," on the occasion of President Roosevelt's visit to Little Rock:

> It is fortunate for us that political differences of opinion must always exist; for otherwise we should soon sink into a state of mental and moral degradation, wholly incompatible with liberty or progress; but it is a mistake to regard each recurring Presidential election as a savage foray of revenge and extermination. . . .
>
> Most of our political opinions are by no means axiomatic truths, and none but a blind fanatic can imagine that virtue, good sense, and patriotism are only to be found in his own political party; hence, however great our political differences may be, they sink out of sight when we meet, as we do on this occasion, to do honor to the President of the United States, who is not the President of any political party, but whose proudest title is that he is President of every man, woman, and child under the protection of the American flag.

Restatement and Reunion. By Burnett Hillman Streeter. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.

This little but notable book is essentially a response to the Bishop of Oxford's vigorous pronouncement on "The Basis of Anglican Fellowship." It is an irenic, persuasive, and convincing statement by the Dean of Queen's College, Oxford, of what "broad" Churchmen think the Church of England should stand for, both as to theological restatement and as to the problem of reunion. In each of these lines the argument deserves consideration by all churches. It contends for the same liberty to interpret the Creed symbolically in all its clauses that is allowed in some of them. Regarding cut-and-dried schemes of reunion as not worth discussing, it advocates unity on a federal basis as "clearly the immediate ideal for which to work and pray." If Rome should ever change, "the way would be open to the reunion of the whole of Christendom on a federal basis." Intentness on simplicity, sincerity, reality, fraternity, and efficiency in religion characterize Dean Streeter's argument throughout. As to the terms of intercommunion with members of non-Episcopalian denominations—the question raised by the Kikuyu controversy—he believes that if the extremist party decline the mutual concessions he suggests, a large majority of their fellow-Churchmen, rather than repudiate the principles of Christian charity, would regretfully let them secede.

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